CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 101,000.

SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

U. S. P. A.

SEE FIFTH PAGE.

VOLUME LVIII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1890. NUMBER 31.

Poetry.

AT EVENING.

I.

The sun had kissed the western wave,
And bade the world good-night,
While in the sky the floating clouds
Hung blushing at the sight.

II.

The playful ripples dancing came
From out the mighty sea,
And paused a moment on the sand
And kissed them tenderly.

III.

The gentle evening breezes sighed
Among the boulders bare,
And kissed their loneliness away,
And lingered fondly there.

IV.

A youth beside a maiden walked,
I tell no wondrous deed,
When twilight's shadows kissed the shore,
He followed Nature's lead.

—[J. T. Newcomb, in Midsummer Puck.

PUNISHMENT FITS THE CRIME.

A man one dreadful, scorching summer day
Into a wild and fearful passion flew,
And slew a chump who smiling said to him,
"Old chappie, is it hot enough for you?"

The chump arrived at heaven's pearly gates
And walked inside to get a better view.
He met St. Peter here, and grinning said,
"Good morning; is it hot enough for you?"

St. Peter frowned and seized him by the hair,
And dropped him into Shoel's blazes blue,
Where landing he met Old Nick, and of course
He yelled out, "Is it hot enough for you?"

The devil smiled a sickly, weary smile,
And summoned of his servants quite a few;
"Give this rash youth a nice front seat," he said,
"And ask him 'Is it hot enough for you?'"

—[New York Herald.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

In a hammock, slowly swaying
In the half light of the moon,
Careless what the world around them
Thinks, two lovers sit and spoon.

Half reclining, on his shoulder
She her golden head has placed,
While his manly arm encircles
Lovingly her slender waist.

He is hers, and she has given
All her life into his care;
Eyes meet eyes, and lips—but, come now,
You and I've no business there!

Ah! to-morrow they'll remember
All this summer eve's delights,
And they'll think of one another
While they scratch mosquito bites.

—[Somerville Journal.

A HOT DAY.

The day is drooping with the summer's spell,
Without a wind to stir the rippling sheet
Of ocean, that billows, and to melt
The brink of beach with those loud lengths of swell
That scooped the sand to wavelets where they fell
At the last tide; no breaths of breezes meet
The outstretched face that craves for cool; the heat
Beats down so blindingly, methinks 'tis well
That the blue splendors of the upper sky
Are outlier for a smouldering, dreamy haze;
Yet even so this stillness is to me
A state in which I neither live nor die,
But lie and hear through lengths of dazzling days
Low laughter of the countless-dimpling sea.

—[Arthur Reed Ropes in Boston Transcript.

Our Story Teller.

ALMOST A LYNCHING.

In the summer of 188—, together with a young man three or four years older than myself, I had leased the dump of the old Tawin mine, in the Watkins district, B——— county, Colorado, and the firm was doing more than fairly well shipping "concentrates" to the big smelter at B——, 40 miles away, over half of which distance the product of our labors at the concentrator's had to be hauled by wagon. My partner, MacDonald, had been "brought up" in Colorado, and was, of course, used to the manners and customs of ranch and mining camp, but I had only been in the state a few months, and had to go through some pretty tough experiences, some of which made such an impression on me that I can never remember them without wondering how I ever got out of the mines alive.

Glancing at the list of Federal appointments a day or two since my eye fell on a name which brought to mind one of my most thrilling experiences in the Watkins district. The name is that of one of the most prominent young men in the service of the government, and this being the case, I will bestow on him so far as he figures in my narrative—and he figures very much indeed—the name of Henry Wood.

One of the most popular men in the district was "Jack" Lacey, who had for about a year previous to the advent of MacDonald and myself in the camp, been working one or two claims of his own about two miles from the Tawin, on the opposite side of the collection of saloons, dignified by the term "camp."

This Lacey was one of the most magnificent men I ever met—born an Irish aristocrat, bred an American Democrat—the prince of good fellows, and a splendid athlete, standing six feet two "in his shirt-sleeves," as he himself used to remark, laughingly, sometimes—and able to out-wrestle, out-run, out-work, or, as some of his friends expressed it, "lick" any two men in camp.

Jack's one great failing was a *penchant* for occasional over-indulgence in "mountain-dew," and on such times as he allowed it to get the better of him, he could be best appreciated at a distance, as he was quarrelsome and even dangerous, when intoxicated. Always, after indulging in one of his periodical drunken frolics, he was meek as a lamb and willing to make all amends for his drunken freaks, but the "boys" knew when to let him alone.

We had not been working the Tawin dump more than a week when we had a call from Lacey; and finding us, as he said, "better company than a lot of ignorant miners," he used to come over to our "shack" quite frequently, until hardly an evening passed that we three were not together.

One night, Mac and I were sitting on soapboxes, (our only chairs) in front of the "shack," when Jack rode up on his white mule, accompanied by a young fellow of about twenty-four, whom he introduced as his cousin, Henry Wood, of South Carolina. Something about Wood's air caught my attention, and I immediately became interested in him. He was a rather small, dark, wiry-looking young man, with aristocratic features and a firm, set expression about the mouth. He acknowledged our greeting quietly and courteously, and gracefully accepted the apology for a chair which Mac offered him, and during the remainder of his call without saying any more than was absolutely necessary for politeness, seeming to prefer to listen to Jack's stories of what he had seen on a recent trip to Chicago, which he was relating in his own original and inimitable style.

When they arose to go, Mac, according to our custom with visitors, brought out the jug of "rather antidote" for their delectation, remarking that it was the "best in camp, barrin' Jack's," and was surprised when Wood, with rather more force than was necessary, declined to take the proffered drink. Mac, in his blunt style, at once informed our new friend that he would hardly be a social success in Watkins if he didn't drink, and was courteously answered that if one's success in a social way depended on the extent of his indulgence in whisky, he, Wood, expected to remain a pariah, with which expression of his feelings he mounted his horse and started down the dusky bridle-path, leaving Lacey to apologize for what he evidently considered a matter for explanation.

After Jack had left us, Mac turned to me and asked: "Well, old man, what do you think of a fellow who won't take a drink?"

I sat for several minutes without replying, and then looking Mac square in his honest Scotch face, said: "Mac, there is something about the chap's looks that tells me he's had trouble, and the way he acted when you offered him the drink makes me think whisky's what caused it. I believe the poor devil needs friends, and you, Lynn MacDonald, are not going to be down on him for being a tectotaller." And Mac was forced to acknowledge that he would not be so unjust as to measure a man by his mere refusal to drink, after which conclusion we turned in for the night. The next morning Mac and I went down to get the mail, and a few provisions, and as we came out of the shanty which did duty as postoffice, we met Wood. He merely bowed to me, but as Mac was about to pass him with a "good morning," he held out his hand, and said, frankly: "Mr. MacDonald, I want to apologize for my abrupt manner in declining the courtesy you extended last night. You doubtless thought it strange, but when you know why I declined, you will not blame me." Mac couldn't say a word, but stood and gripped Wood's hand in a way that made me thankful I was not in the young Southern's place, and I knew that Wood had found a new friend in the very best fellow that ever slaved at a concentrator, and sold the results of his labor for half their value.

After that, Wood used to come often, and as Mac was something of a botanist, the two used to spend their Sundays wandering about the mountains, studying the numberless flora of that region, a diversion of which Wood was very fond.

As I anticipated, Wood neither made many friends, nor seemed to care to, and had it not been for his relationship to Jack he would not have been on speaking terms with a man who drank, coupled with the disinclination to become "sociable," might have got him into serious trouble with some of the bullying, ever-ready-to-shoot sort of rowdies found in Watkins, as in every mining camp.

One evening Jack started on one of his periodical "tears", and when we came down town about 9 o'clock to join in a game of poker with him, Wood, and Perkins the postmaster, he was already in his noisy mood, which we knew too well was a precursor of one of pure cussedness, and was entertaining a crowd of miners with the story of how he had once beaten a river gambler at the latter's own game. As soon as he caught sight of us, we knew we were "in for it," and made our way to the table with the best possible grace, but, nevertheless, wishing Mr. Jack and his game of poker anywhere else. Wood was already there, and as we neared the table, turned to Jack and winked at him suggestively, whereat, to our intense relief, the latter calmed down and played for some time very decently, though with frequent indulgence in "snakes," which he ordered the bartender to always have ready for him.

By and by the game began to get exciting, and with the excitement, Jack began to get angry. Finally it came Wood's turn to deal. I sat at his right, and got out the cards. Perkins "anted" five dollars, and Jack "straddled" it, Mac and myself throwing down our hands. Perkins and Wood remained, the latter dealing Perkins and Jack two cards each and drawing three himself.

Perkins glanced at his hand, (he had held a "side" card, and failed to "catch") then at his pile of chips, hesitated, and then, knowing he was lost, threw down his hand.

Jack laughed in a happy way, and bet ten dollars. His cousin at once "raised" him twenty. Jack "saw it," and raised him back fifty, having meantime, with much exultation, shown me his hand, disclosing three kings and a pair of fives. Wood kept his hand-full down on the table, to avoid the prying eyes of the miners who eagerly gathered around.

Suddenly Jack concluded to "call," and said, in a hesitating way, "Full house—what's yours?" Wood quietly turned his hand over and showed four jacks, upon which Lacey sprang to his feet and shouted "Henry Wood, you're a thief!" Quick as a flash, Wood snatched the chips from the center of the table and threw them square into his accuser's face, with, "Jack Lacey, you're a liar, and you know it!"

Of course everybody rushed for the angry pair, in order to keep them apart. I was sure Wood did not know the character of his cousin while in this state, or he would have thought twice before engaging in a dispute with him over a game of cards. So Mac and I got him aside and reasoned with him, saying that Jack was not responsible and would amply apologize the next day. Wood then seemed to feel very badly at having lost his temper, and wanted to go to Jack and explain, but we would not allow this, as we were sure it would make matters worse.

We finally left him, feeling sure Jack would remain in camp all night, and would not go home and make his cousin any more trouble. Had we remained to talk to Jack—a very disagreeable thing to do just then—a tragedy might have been averted. For Jack, refusing to listen to Perkins, and believing Wood had gone home, had started at once for his shack, in what Perkins afterward said, was one of the most dangerous tempers he had ever seen him in.

Early the next morning, just as we were beginning work, Billy Perkins, the postmaster's small boy, came up the road at a furious rate, and breathlessly informed us that Wood had just come in and told them Jack had been killed by falling down the shaft. Work was suspended at once, and Mac and I started down the road to camp, only to find that the news was really true. Wood sat on a bench in front of Milligan's saloon, his hands burying his pale, haggard face, which he occasionally raised to look in a mechingless way at those about him. We were all getting ready to go and see what could be done for poor Jack's remains. He sat there when we left, and at noon, when we returned, having found poor Lacey's remains, what there was of them, and buried them decently, he still sat there, and it was all we could do to rouse him from his apathy.

Finally Mac induced him to come up to our place, saying, kindly, "Come, old fellow, bear up. Come and get something to eat, and you'll feel better. When we got home, almost the first thing our eyes noted was a picture of poor, handsome Jack, fastened on the wall, opposite the door. At sight of this, Wood broke down completely, and wept like a child.

Finally, straightening up, he said, brokenly, "I suppose you fellows want to know how it happened?" and in spite of our protestations to the contrary, continued:

"Last night, when I got home, Jack was there, and sat in the door, as I came up. I could see he was not himself, so I didn't say anything. He did, though—the dear old fellow just got up from the doorway, and said: 'Harry, forgive me; I'm afraid I wasn't myself,'—and then we shook hands and blubbered like a pair of schoolboys. After that we sat up a long time, talking over old times, and about the folks at home. This morning we got up and went to work, and the first thing I noticed was that the new rope on the windlass had struck a sharp rock somewhere, and was almost worn in two, and I called poor Jack's attention to it, but he laughed and said he guessed it would hold for several days, and to prove it was all right, he stepped into the bucket. In another moment he was gone, and—oh, Jack, Jack!" wailed the poor fellow, and Mac and I sneaked out doors to swallow some big lumps we had in our throats.

The rest of the day Wood didn't say a word, but sat around in the same way he had sat on the bench that morning. We tried to get him to lie down and sleep, but he wouldn't, and as Mac and I were not in the frame of mind to work, we sat and smoked, and looked at each other and at him, feeling that nothing we could say or do would help console him.

It never entered our heads that he would be accused of Jack's murder, but he was. About 6 o'clock Tom Milligan, the deputy sheriff, came up the road, and when I saw him I guessed in an instant what was the matter, and my heart sank, for it suddenly came over me that circumstances were strongly against poor Wood.

The officer was evidently sorry to do his duty, and did not even want to say anything to Wood, so I went in and told the poor fellow, as gently as I could, what was up. To my surprise, he got up, put on his hat, and said, huskily: "I had expected it. Good-bye, boys, and God bless you," and with this, stepped out the door, told Milligan he was ready, and was gone.

It seems that Milligan intended to keep him at Watkins over night and start for B—— in the morning, but about ten o'clock the report reached the officer that his prisoner was to be lynched and that a crowd of drunken miners had already begun preparations, so he took Wood quietly out of the back door and started at once in a "buckboard" for B——. About five minutes before Mac and I arrived in camp, we having heard the yelling of the infuriated crowd and fearing for Wood's safety, resolved, if possible to save him, should it prove true that they intended lynching him.

We at once went over to Heath's, where the mob had gathered and quietly peeped in the windows. The crowd was growing drunker and more furious every instant, and when Hi Perry, the foreman at Brown's mine, appeared, carrying a rope, it seemed to excite them to madness, and we knew that unless Henry Wood was taken out of town that night, there would be murder.

Now was the time to act, and without a word, Mac and I started and fairly flew for Milligan's. Joe, the bartender, was all alone, and, divining what we wanted, told us that Milligan had started for B——, taking the south road, along the canon, this being a rough road and the least likely for the lynching party to follow. But before we had finished interrogating Joe, we heard a cry go up outside, "Canon road! canon road!" and we knew we had no time to waste if we would save Wood from being murdered. We could not go directly after the fugitives, as the mob had already gone by the south road when we got our horses ready to start, so we hastily decided on the north road, knowing that this being the longer, though better road, our only chance to save the fugitive was to meet him and the officer at the "dip" in the road, where a cross canon cut in, leaving a good track from one road to the other.

As we sped on, both with set faces, and breathing hard, we heard the horses of the mob as they turned the bend in the canon, the granite walls echoing their hoofbeats doubly and trebly, making us feel that with the half-crazed mob we were trying to outwit over half a mile ahead of us, and riding as good horses as ourselves, our errand was likely to be a fruitless one.

However, we kept on, urging our horses with the butts of our revolvers, Mac every now and then giving an encouraging exclamation, and beseeching me, by all that is good and holy, not to let my "sand" escape, for I certainly was in a fair way to turn gray.

On we sped, till, in the bright moonlight, we could see the mob, moving quietly now, for fear of being heard by the fugitives. We were now almost directly above them, picking our way as carefully as possible, to prevent them from the fatal discovery that we were on the way to warn their intended victim of his danger, as they were sure to mistake us for Wood and the officer. But, as ill-luck would have it, my horse struck his hoof against a small stone, which rattled down the side of the mountain directly amongst the pursuers, and in less time than it takes to tell it, we were racing along the narrow road for dear life, without a thing to shelter to us, and the shots from our pursuers' revolvers rattling all about us in a way that made me wish myself not less than a thousand miles away. I kept my wits about me enough to see that my horse kept a straight track, and to also note that Mac was getting regular racing speed out of his animal.

It was probably not more than a minute from the time the firing commenced that we had so far distanced the the mob as to be out of range, but we knew there was more fun in store than we cared to think of that we should be able to reach that cut first, as our road was longer and for two-thirds of the way uphill, though easier to travel than the one below.

On we went, neither saying a word, but feeling that if we ever made an effort to win, it must be to win this race for a precious life—on and on, when suddenly Mac's horse, which had been doing noble work, stumbled and fell, and as I flew past I knew that in an instant more the summer moon would shed her cold light on the shattered frame of one of nature's own noblemen, and the truest-hearted fellow that ever lived, lying on the rocks, 300 feet below. And still I did not stop, knowing instinctively that I could do poor old Mac no good, and feeling, in a dazed, numb way, that I must keep on and complete the mission on which I had started. My horse labored on, his heart beating like a trip-hammer, and his groans increasing in intensity at every step. Soon I noticed, with a sigh of relief, that the road was growing wider, and was now down hill, and I checked my horse instinctively, knowing that on him, for the next two miles, the life of poor Wood depended. I knew Mac was dead, but I knew what he would have told me to do had there been time, and somehow I felt I must handle Bruno as a horse never was handled before.

Ten minutes of down-hill work and a sharp turn to the right and I was in the dark cross canon, with a good track before me to the south road. Five minutes more and I was in the south road, I calculated about half a mile ahead of the silent mob, with a sinking heart, reflecting that perhaps they had overtaken their prey, and hence their silence. But I did not swerve, but clung to my horse, urging him on as swiftly as I could, with kicks, curses and prayers, and appeals to Providence that he might bear me through, when suddenly a voice cried "Halt!" and a strong hand grasped Bruno by the bit, forcing him back on his haunches. Having just time to see that it was Milligan, who, hearing me coming, had driven in among the trees, thinking it might be part of the pursuing party, I gasped, "Wood—mob—Mac—hide quick," and knew no more.

Two weeks afterward, I woke in a little bedroom at the hotel in B——, and in a curious, dazed way, raised myself on my elbow and looked about me. Just as I had finished noting that everything was too neat and clean to belong to Watkins, and had begun to wonder where I was, the door opened, and in came Henry Wood—thinner and paler, but still the same. He at once saw how it was, and motioned me to lie down, saying "keep quiet old man, you've been sick, and mustn't talk." Then it all came back to me—Jack's death—the arrest—the night ride for life—poor dead Mac—and I turned over and burst into tears.

That afternoon Henry told me everything, having been informed by the doctor that I was better, and that it would make me fretful if I were not told of the closing events of the sad affair.

He and Milligan had understood my incoherent exclamations when I overtook them, and had at once taken me in the backboard with them, my horse having given out entirely. They drove on a short distance, Henry holding my limp body, and then drove off the road into the timber. They heard the cursing and disappointed mob go by their place of concealment, and heard them return in the gray dawn, furious with anger. About noon they started on, holding me between them, raving with fever, and reached B—— just in time to save what little life there was in me.

The coroner took a jury to the scene of Jack Lacey's death, and found that the rope, which had been carelessly cast aside by the party which buried Jack, had indeed been worn, instead of having been cut, as was alleged, and Henry Wood received a full acquittal.

They found the bodies of poor Mac and his faithful horse crushed out of all semblance to living things on the rocks fifty feet above the south road. His remains were shipped to his friends at Denver.

I had no desire to remain any longer in Colorado, and, as soon as I was able to be about, sold the lease we had held on the Tawin property, settled with Mac's friends—and saw the sorrowing girl who was soon to have been more than a friend to the dear, brave fellow—and came East with Wood, from whom I parted in Chicago, and whom I have not seen since, although I often hear from him, and am proud of his record in the government service.

THE SHERIFF

Exercised International Comity, As It Were.

A story was told the town crier one day this week on the sheriff of an adjoining county.

It seems that the official, who was in the habit of imbibing rather freely, had but recently appointed a deputy, who was fresh from England, in which country he had served faithfully for several years on the police force.

The sheriff was on his customary spree one night when complaint was made to the deputy that a certain citizen was drunk, and was trying to get into a neighbor's house. The new deputy at once arrested the citizen. It was late, and he was about to lock him up, when suddenly it occurred to the deputy that he did not know whether he had a right to arrest him or not. Hastening with his prisoner to the house of the sheriff, he pounded on the door for about ten minutes. A second-story window was at length thrown up, and the sheriff demanded in maudlin tones:

"Well, who's there (hic), and what der you want?"

'I am Deputy Blank, and I want to see you a minute," was the reply. "I have arrested a man for what would be an offense under the English law, but I don't know whether it is in this country or not."

"Well, Mr. Blank (hic), suppose you (hic) hold him until morning (hic) under the English law (hic), and then I'll (hic) find some American law to hold him (hic)."

The window was then slammed down, and the sheriff returned to his rest.—[Seattle Press.

How She Brought Him Around.

Softly shone the subdued light of the solitary gas-jet in the parlor of the Bilderback mansion on the avenue, and soft was the voice of the abashed young Erasmus Shackelford, who sat on the edge of his chair, mopped his heated face, and smiled with a kind of papier-mache smile at the entrancing young woman in the dazzling aureole of whose auburn hair he had fluttered in agonizing captivity for months and months.

"Miss Viola," he said, clearing his throat and speaking with every inflection of a man about to say something, "you will not be surprised, I presume, if I—if I express the feeling, the—the opinion, as it were, that—that it's pretty hot this evening?"

Erasmus gave his face another frenzied swipe with his handkerchief and subsided into palpitating silence.

"No," replied Miss Viola, with a smile that brought a large and ecstatic lump of something or other up into his throat, "I am not surprised, Mr. Shackelford. You made the same observation earlier in the evening."

"I-yes," he gasped. "I believe I did. It—it was not an entirely new remark. In fact, it was a kind of a—of a chestnut, I suppose."

The agitated youth made another effort to crush down the lump in his throat.

"And I—I feel, Miss Bil—Viola—as if I were a—a kind of—of observation myself that was getting tiresome. Haven't I been—been observed here a little too often? Do I seem to be a—a chestnut"—and as he moved his handkerchief over his glowing face in tremulous jabs, his voice took on a despairing sound—"sort of—of roasted chestnut?"

"No, Erasmus," slowly answered the maiden. "When a chestnut is roasted it pops."

The conscientious historian is bound to record the fact that at this point Erasmus immediately popped.—[Chicago Tribune.

Determined to Tell the Truth.

The robust and healthful independence which should always be suggested by the name "American" has not been wholly monopolized by the girls, much of it as they now possess. A man of very genuine and inspiring independence was a witness in a Western Pennsylvania court not long ago. A lawyer who had the cross-examining of the witness tells the story. Everything went well until a certain question had been asked and as much of it answered as fulfilled the lawyer's desires.

"Stop there. Don't tell any more about that."

"But there is more to tell. I haven't fully answered the question."

The muzzle was held firmly in place, but the witness was not subdued. Even when the court had rebuked him he was still respectfully insubordinate.

"I have been brought here by authority," he argued. "I have been required to take a solemn oath to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Now you must allow me to keep the oath you made me swear. Neither court nor counsel has a right to force me into perjury because the counsel don't want just quite the whole truth. I insist on my right to give the remainder of my answer."

"And, if you'll believe me," said the disgusted lawyer, "that hayseed court sustained him and I lost my case."—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Elusive County Seat.

Tourist—How can I find the county seat.

Prominent Kansan—Better set right down yere, and wait till it comes by. Yisterd'y a passel uv fellers frum Boomopolis went over to Dinkeyville, whur the county seat was located, an' loaded up the records an' truck in a wagin, an' lit out for home. I heered this mornin' that a gang from Excelsior headed 'em off, and chased 'em, county seat an' all, plump th'oo the Limestone Hils, an' over into Champion county. Whichever side gets it, a delegation uv prominent fellers from Rocket city is aimin' to take it away frum em. If they make the rifle, an' they're mighty liable to do so, they'll fetch it along by yere on their way home. So, all things considered, your best plan is to set down an' wait till it comes by.—[Puck.

All About a Man.

A man can study both sides of a question without sitting on the fence.—[Denver Record.

A man is very much like a hen; he likes to sit on more eggs than he can cover.—[Atchison Globe.

"Few men stand prosperity well." When it comes they sit nearly all the time.—[Yonker's Statesman.

Unless a man has a character that won't show dirt he had better keep out of politics.—[Ram's Horn.

A man who cannot keep his own knife ten minutes can generally keep a borrowed blade ten years.—[Ashland Press.

How She Arranged It.

Widow (to her daughter)—Fanny, is that artist coming here again to-night?

Fanny—Yes, ma.

And that young doctor going to come, too?

Yes, ma.

And both of them want to marry you?

Yes, ma.

You must marry the artist. He is such a nice gentleman. He always treats me so politely.—[Texas Siftings.

The Grounds of His Action.

Fleecy—I see you call on the Brown girls a good deal. Which one are you going to marry?

Downy—I love Sally the best but I guess that Clara is the one for me.

Fleecy—You will get along better with a woman that you love than with one you don't.

Downy—I don't know about that. Clara has declared over and over that she won't leave home even if she does marry.—[Epoch.

Not Long, at Least.

'Tis now the little busy bee
Arises with the sun,
Most free and independent, he—
He won't be sat upon.

—[Terre Haute Express.

A Boomer.

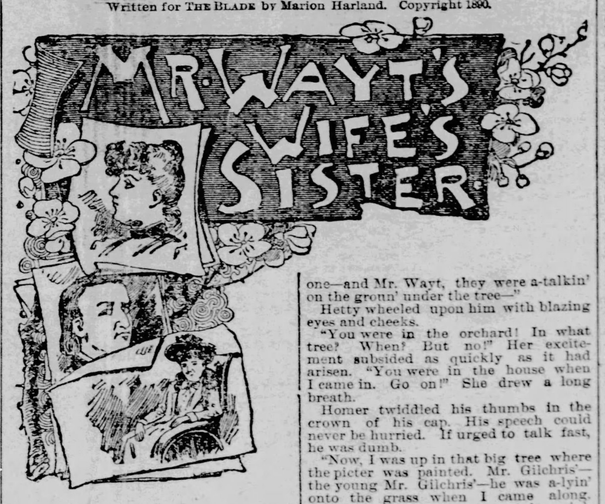
He—That man has lots on his mind.

She—Who is he?

He—Jones, the real estate agent.—[Epoch.

Our Serial Story.

Written for THE BLADE by Marion Harland. Copyright 1890.



CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

THE Rev. Mr. Wayt prodded holes in the turf with his cane while speaking, holding it in his right hand almost at arm's length, in a straight line from his body. His face showed chalky-white in the moon rays, his brows and hair very black; his eyes glittered, the smile upon his thin, wide-lipped mouth was apparent in the clearing radiance. He was disposed to be affably loquacious to the heir of a rich parishioner, and the pastor's "influence with young men" was one of his specialties. This important member of an important class did not interrupt him, and the intent expression of his figure—his back was to the moon—was pleasantly provocative to continued eloquence.

"The Sabbath has been superb—truly superb!" resumed the orator, pulling out the cane after an unusual atesian feat in jabbing it into the earth. "I could think of nothing as I looked out at daybreak upon the brightening face of Nature but Mrs. Barbauld's 'rose that's newly-washed by the shower.' My spirit put on wings to meet the new morning. I said, aloud, in a sort of divine transport: 'This is the day the Lord hath made. Let us rejoice and be glad in it!'"

"Do you ever preach extemporaneously, Mr. Wayt?" asked March.

The sentence passed his lips almost unawares. In his perplexity and disdain he spoke at random. He could not stand here all night, the victim of the modern Coleridge. He recollected, while the flowing periods went over him, that the Rev. Wayt's admirers likened him to the long-winded poet. The girl of his heart *in esse* and of his home *in posse* might be Mr. Wayt's wife's sister, but Mr. Wayt himself was an imposing liar and hypocrite who disgraced the coat on his back. The sooner Hetty was removed from his house the better. He credited poor Tony with more sense than he was reputed to possess, in that he doubted, inferentially, his employer's powers as an exorcist.

"Now and then, my dear sir, now and then! But I long ago arrived at the conclusion that natural fluency is a lure to indolence. Whatever is worth the hearing should be worth careful preparation. The *vice versa* occurs to you, of course. I would give my audience ripe matter, the slow accretion of amber-clear thought, not the fervid exudation of momentary excitement. Every line of this morning's sermon was written out in full. The reporter of a New York paper took it from my hand as I descended from the pulpit. Mr. Wayt!' he said, 'That discourse can be printed without the alteration of a word. It is perfect!'"

The man's supreme egotism pushed March into indiscretion, which he afterwards considered dishonorable.

"You never use the typewriter, then?"

"Occasionally," carelessly. "I might say semi-occasionally. But not when I am in the spirit—as I reverently believe I was last night. Mrs. Wayt is a deft operator on it. She learned expressly to copy my sermons and lectures for the press. What will not a good wife do for her husband?"

"What, indeed?" assented March, fervently.

He was thinking of the wifely equivocations to which he had hearkened on the way to church, and, with genuine satisfaction, how straightforward was Hetty's simple tale of the sermon-writing episode. Again he resolved to tear her out of this web of needless deceits at the earliest possible moment.

He left the vicinity of the apple-tree, partly to shake off his companion, partly to allow Homer opportunity to escape. Once he had his lips open to intimate his presence in the orchard at midnight, and that he had seen the light in the study. The reverend humbug should be warned of the danger of gratuitous and wholesale lying. He withheld the caution. It was not his province to reprove a man so much his senior, and—he added mentally, such an old offender.

Mr. Wayt sauntered on with him to the gate opening into the Gilchrist shrubbery, bade him "good-night" and marched back. March leaned upon the fence, seeming to stare at the moon, and enjoying a night-cap cigar, until the long, black figure entered the parsonage garden. While the young man lingered he saw Homer drop, monkey-like, to the earth and skulk homeward, keeping in the shadow when he could.

"I would sooner take the fool's chances of evading the devil than his pompous and pious master's!" soliloquized Mrs. Gilchrist's son.

Hetty was dusting the big parlors next morning and making ineffectual attempts to evolve coziness out of carpeted space, when a cough at the door attracted her notice.

Homer stood there military cap in hand, and wet up to the knees with dew. His love for flowers was a passion, only surpassed by his exquisite tenderness for dumb animals and children. Hetty had said of her *protege* that he had the soul of a painter-poet, but that the wires were cut between spirit and speech. He had been on his knees since there was light enough to show the difference between weeds and precious plants, cleaning out the garden-borders.

"You!" fumbling with his shabby headgear. "I was wishful fer to speak with ye before ennybody else came down. Leastways, Mary Ann, she's in the kitchen, but don't count, bein' busy an' out o' the way."

Hetty smiled languidly. Her eyes were heavy-lidded; her motions slow for her. She had lain all night, staring into the blackness above her, now crying to a deaf heaven to show her a plain path for her feet, now trembling with ecstatic anguish in recollection of the interview that had opened a vista of Eden she yet dared not enter.

"Come what may, he has called me 'darling!'" she was thinking for the hundredth time, as the interruption came.

"What is it, Homer? Are your flowers all right?"

He ventured, after a glance at his feet, to step upon the unbroken breadths of Brussels.

"Note—I was up a tree in the orchard las' night. An' Mr. Gilchris'—the young one—and Mr. Wayt, they were a-talkin' on the groun' under the tree—"

Hetty wheeled upon him with blazing eyes and cheeks.

"You were in the orchard! In what tree? When? But no!" Her excitement subsided as quickly as it had arisen. "You were in the house when I came in. Go on!" She drew a long breath.

Homer twiddled his thumbs in the crown of his cap. His speech could never be hurried. If urged to talk fast, he was dumb.

"Now, I was up in that big tree where the picter was painted. Mr. Gilchris'—the young Mr. Gilchris'—he was a-lyin' onto the grass when I came along. 'Twar after you had gone upstairs—nigh onto ten o'clock, I guess, or may be nine—I ain't certain. I'd saw the same light, an,' for all them boys ken say, I've been saw it many a time—"

"Never mind the light." Hetty said it patiently. "Tell me how you happened to climb the tree."

"Now, Mr. Gilchris'—the young gentleman—he spoke very civil an' kind to me, an' we war talkin' quite a spell, when I heerd Mr. Wayt a-comin', an' I clumb the tree so's he wouldn't see me, an' may be go fur me, you know. An' while I war in the tree I heerd him a-tellin' Mr. Gilchris'—I meantersay the young Mr. Gilchris'—how he'd sot up 'till daybreak, four o'clock Sat'day night, a figurin' onto his sermon what he preached on Sunday—"

"Homer!"

"I was, ma'am! He war talkin' very high Scotch, mos'ly like he does all times, 'specially to comp'ny-folks, but I got the sense of that much. He said as how he an' the thunder-storm they figured up the sermon together, near's I could make out.

MARCH RECEIVES THE UNOPENED LETTER.

An' Mr. Gilchris'—the young gentleman—he said precious little—an' Mr. Wayt, he splurged out considerable 'bout seein' the sun rise an' so forth, an' 'bout his headache comin' on an' a-goin' off with the sun. An' there the two of 'em walked off quite frien'ly, an' soon's as they was out o' sight, I lighted out and come home."

Hetty was sitting upon the sofa, too sick and weak to stand.

"Are you sure that you heard all this? Did Mr. Gilchrist know you were in the tree?"

"Now—he see me go up. I ast him not to let on to *him*. But what I come to say war, tain't noways nor nurver safe to say what ain't jes' true, jes' for the sake of talkin' big, an' Mr. Wayt, bein' a edicated man, he'd ought to be tole that. 'Tould sa'd Sat'day night 'thout somebody ast him."

"There!" His young mistress put out her hand, imperatively. "That will do. Don't speak of this to anybody else. Go back to your work."

On their way to school, the twins left a thin envelope at Judge Gilchrist's door. It was addressed to March:

"I have heard what was the substance of Mr. Wayt's conversation with you last night. Knowing you as I do, I am sure, that in mercy to the innocent, you will not let it go further. I recognize in the incident one more added to the many reasons why I can never be more than

Your friend,
H. ALLING."

CHAPTER VIII.

March Gilchrist's name was brought up to the sewing-room at eleven o'clock Monday morning. Hetty was cutting out shirts for the twins at a table of Homer's contrivance and manufacture. Her face was flushed, perhaps with stooping over the board—when she looked up.

"Please say that I am particularly engaged this morning, Mary Ann, and beg to be excused."

"My dear!" expostulated Mrs. Wayt, "He has probably called with a message from his mother or sister."

"In that case ask him to leave it with you, Mary Ann, unless you care to go down, Frances?"

"He said 'Miss Alling' most particular," ventured Mary Ann.

"Then take my message just as I gave it, if you please."

"Did you know," pursued Miss Alling, when the girl had gone, "that Perry is an inch taller than his brother? His arms are longer, too. They were exactly the same size until this summer."

Mrs. Wayt eyed her sister with a helpless, distraught air, while the scissors flashed and slipped through the muslin, and the worker appeared to have no interest in life beyond the manipulation of both.

"Dear," she said, timidly, at length, without noticing the other's query. "I never blame you for any action, however singular it may seem to me. I know you always have some excellent reason for what you do or say. But the Gilchrists are our best neighbors, and are leading people in the church. It would be unwise to offend them. Do you object to telling me why you would not see Mr. March Gilchrist?"

Hetty shifted the pattern to a corner of the stuff, turned it upside down and regarded it solemnly, her head on one side. Then she pinned it fast and fell again to cutting.

"I do object—decidedly!" she said, composedly. "But it is perhaps best that you should know the truth. It may prevent unpleasant complications. Mr. Gilchrist did me the honor last evening to offer to marry me and I refused him."

"Hetty Alling!"

"That is likely to remain my name. I supposed that you would be surprised. I was!" as coolly as before. "I trust to your honor to keep Mr. Gilchrist's secret, even from Mr. Wayt. It is not a matter that concerns anybody but ourselves. And we will not allude to it again."

Struck by something unnatural in the girl's perfect composure, the tender-hearted matron leaned forward to stroke the head bowed over the work.

"There is something behind all this, Hetty, dear. I am sure of it. It would make me very happy to see you married to such a man as March Gilchrist. What objection can you have to him as a suitor?"

"The very question which he asked and I answered. Excuse me for reminding you that nobody else has the right to press it."

The rebuff did not end the discussion. The matter was, in Mrs. Wayt's mind, too grave to be lightly dismissed.

"Don't be angry with me!" staying the progress of the clicking shears, that her sister might be compelled to hear what she said. "I love you too dearly to let you make a blunder you may regret for a life time. March is a noble young fellow, of unexceptionable family and character. His disposition is excellent, his manners are charming; he has talent, energy—"

"Spare me the rest of the catalogue, please!" retorted Hetty, curtly. "It is not like you, Frances, to force a disagreeable subject upon me. And this is one of the least agreeable you could select. Discussion of it is indelicate and a breach of confidence on my part—and altogether useless on yours."

Yet she was especially gentle and affectionate with her sister for the rest of the day. On bidding her "good-night" she embraced her fervently.

"I love you dearly; better this minute than ever before, if I was so savage this morning," she said with shining eyes, to March's champion.

Upstairs she read "Locksley Hall" through to Hester, who was sleepless until 12 o'clock. Not until the clock had struck the half-hour after midnight was Hetty free to take from her pocket and look at a letter the afternoon mail had brought. The superscription was in a hand she had seen in notes to Hester and upon the fly-leaves of books, and it was still sealed. She sat looking at it, as it lay within the open palm of a lax hand for a good (or bad) quarter of an hour.

Hester's regurgitate breathing—worse to-night than usual—was the only sound in the chamber. Now and then she raised her hands strugglingly, as if dreaming, but she slept on.

To open that letter and take the contents into her empty heart would be to the lonely orphan heaven on earth. It was long, for the envelope held several sheets. It was eloquent, for she had heard him talk upon the theme set forth in every line. She had will-force sufficient to conceal from the sister, whose heart would be broken by the truth, her reasons for refusing to link hers with the unsmirched name of the man she loved. She was not strong enough to put her finger under the flap of that envelope and read a single line, and then persist in doing right. Perhaps, in spite of the repulse of the morning, he had again called her "darling."

She durst not risk the seeing. She had strength given her to keep the resolution, but she did no more that night. The answer must wait until morning. The letter was hidden under her pillow, and her hand touched it while she slept and while she lay awake. In the still, purple dawn she arose quietly, not to disturb Hester, dressed herself and knelt for a brief prayer such as the busiest member of the household had time to offer. While she prayed she held the unopened letter to her heart. Arising, she kissed it, lingeringly.

"God, bless my love!" she whispered.

With steady fingers she wrote upon the reverse of the envelope: "I can not read this. Do not write again," slipped it into a larger cover, addressed and sealed, before the family was astir, sent Homer with it to the nearest letter-box.

She had acted bravely, and, she believed, decisively, but she had blundered withal. An unopened letter, unaccompanied by a word of extenuation of the flagrant discourtesy, might damp the ardor of the most adoring lover. Yet March's eyes were lit by a ray of affectionate amusement in receiving back this, the first letter he had ever penned. He kissed the one-line sentence before putting the envelope away.

"Perhaps she is afraid of herself!" May had suggested, sagely, apropos to Hetty's avoidance of his visits.

The bright-natured suitor's conclusion after reading what was meant as a quietus to his addresses, was not dissimilar. If the case were hopeless she would have written nothing. Nevertheless, he bowed to the inevitable: "Do not write again." He did more than she had commanded. Without attempting to see Hetty again, he escorted his sister in the second week of July to Long Branch, and stayed there a fortnight, then went with her to Mt. Desert for ten days or more.

The malign influence of a dog-day dr

PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER.

NINE REPUBLICAN POSSIBILITIES.

And They by No Means Exhanst the List—Men of National Reputation Who are in the Line of Promotion.

The New York *Press* of July 13 published a long article on "Republicans Who May Be President," a synopsis of which is given below, with the original portraits, for the use of which we are indebted to the *Press*. It starts off by saying:

The Republican party contains so much magnificent material for the presidency that in this juncture the *Press* has felt warranted in bringing to the attention of its readers in particular and the country in general the strong points of a group of Republican statesmen, each one of whom is ably equipped for the presidency and supported for the place by a large following of devoted friends and admirers. The list includes the great American orator and publicist, Chauncey M. Depew; the veteran statesman and politician and idol of his party, James G. Blaine; the forceful and brainy and much admired speaker of the national House of Representatives, Thomas B. Reed; the Pacific slope favorite, the philanthropist of California, Leland Stanford; the Napoleonic champion of protection to American industry and American labor, William McKinley; the great public financier, John Sherman; the beloved commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, Russell A. Alger; the favorite son of the great farming state of Iowa, William B. Allison; and the statesman on whose shoulders the Republicans of Illinois declare the mantle of Lincoln has fallen, Shelby M. Cullom. Formidable as this array of names appears, it by no means includes all the Presidential possibilities within the Republican party. There are dark horses galore—and strong men, too. But this list undoubtedly includes all the names that are prominently mentioned in connection with the Presidential nomination.

Chauncey M. Depew.

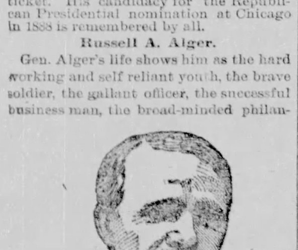
In a nation of sixty-five million freemen, selecting their own rulers and governing themselves, the distinction of being the most distinguished citizen in private life is a high test of individual genius. This distinction fairly belongs to Chauncey Mitchell Depew of New York. At the present time no other American enjoys such universal fame as Mr. Depew, with the exception of that ripe statesman, James Gillespie Blaine. Mr. Blaine's world wide reputation has been won in public life, where such things are the natural result in every land. But the instances where private citizens have become equally noted are so rare that in this day and generation Mr. Depew stands alone. The collective wealth of the Rothschilds, the Vanderbilts and the Astors, handed down through generations with steady accretions, have made the names of these families familiar, but no one of those names is born by an individual who has attained the prominence that may be justly accorded to Mr. Depew as the result of his intellectual force and scintillant genius. It is beyond dispute that he is one of the marvelous men of his age.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Mr. Depew was born in Peekskill, N. Y., 56 years ago. He has French Huguenot blood in his veins on his father's side, and though his mother traces descent from the Shermans, of whom his great uncle, Roger Sherman, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, his grandfather, Chauncey R. Mitchell, was a distinguished lawyer, whose eloquence was famous. The Depew homestead in Peekskill, which he still fondly calls home, has been in the family for 200 years. At 18 he went to Yale college, and in 1856 graduated with one of the first honors of his class. On leaving college he studied law, and was admitted to practice in 1858. In 1860, through his campaign speeches on behalf of Lincoln, he first gained recognition for his marvelous gifts of oratory. He was a genuine orator, who was hailed with delight wherever he went. Mr. Depew has always held the secret of entertaining his audiences and so holding them together for the more serious labor of convincing them by argument. But he is never dull. Always clear and comprehensive, his arguments are always logical, frequently superbly eloquent, and he is at all times terribly in earnest. He was elected to the New York assembly in 1861, and in 1863 was elected secretary of State. After the close of his term he left politics to devote himself to the law. In 1866 he was made attorney for the Harlem railroad, and has risen step by step until in 1885 he was made president of the New York Central, thus having under his direction one of the largest railway corporations in the world. He was a "Liberal" Republican in 1872, and was defeated as the candidate for lieutenant governor that year on the Greeley ticket. His candidacy for the Republican Presidential nomination at Chicago in 1888 is remembered by all.

Russell A. Alger.

Gen. Alger's life shows him as the hard working and self reliant youth, the brave soldier, the gallant officer, the successful business man, the broad-minded philanthropist, the discreet and patriotic statesman and the loving, devoted husband and father. His career is one that naturally commands respect and arouses enthusiasm. He has attained distinction in each line of his life's work. He has a very large acquaintance among business men, and possesses their confidence. His military career and his service in the G. A. R. have made him well known to the soldier element, with whom he is exceedingly popular. His energy and his progressive spirit challenge the admiration of all classes. Above all, he has led a clean and honorable life in private, in business, in the army and in politics.



RUSSELL A. ALGER.

Russell A. Alger was born in Medina county, Ohio, February 27, 1836. His youth was one of hardship and labor, for the family was poor. His parents died when he was only 13, and he then had to look after a young brother and sister. From 1850 to 1857 he worked as a farm hand, attending school in winter, when he worked for his board. He began studying law in 1857, and was admitted to the bar in 1859. In 1860 he removed to Grand Rapids, Mich., and engaged in the lumber business. In August, 1861, he enlisted in the 2d Michigan cavalry; captain 2d cavalry September 2, 1861; major, April 25, 1862; wounded and taken prisoner at Booneville, Miss., July 1, 1862; lieutenant colonel 6th Michigan cavalry, February 28, 1863; wounded in action at Boonesboro, Md., July 8, 1863; resigned September 20, 1864, and honorably discharged; brevet brigadier general United States volunteers for gallant and meritorious services, to rank from the battle of Trevillian Station, Va., June 11, 1865, for gallant and meritorious services during the war.

After the close of his military service General Alger removed to Detroit. He had not a dollar; his health was poor, but he had plenty of energy and determination. In the lumber business he has since amassed a fortune. In 1884 he was elected governor of Michigan, refusing a renomination. In the use of the large income derived from his business General Alger is very open-handed. He is a member of the Fort Street Presbyterian church and is a liberal giver to the church and mission work of that and other denominations. His contributions to the campaign funds of the Republican party are large, and his private charities extensive and varied. His domestic life has been an exceptionally happy one. In April, 1861, he was married to Miss Annette H. Henry of Grand Rapids, and six children, three boys and three girls, have grown up as the result of their union.

James Gillespie Blaine.

Does Mr. Blaine want the nomination? And if he wants it, can he have it? And if he gets it, can he be elected?

In answer to the first proposition, Mr. Questioner, allow me to remark in all candor and truthfulness and from a lifetime residence in the same state, involving constant observation of the man and the various phases of his brilliant career, that I cannot but believe James Gillispie Blaine of Augusta, Kennebec county, Maine, considers that the full measure of his career can never be filled—that his majestic life can never be rounded out—that the crown which to him belongs shall never be his until by the voice of the people he has served so long and well he shall be called to the occupancy of the White House.

As to the second problem, I see no serious obstacle in the way of his prospective candidacy if he but consent to run, for Mr. Blaine has long ago preempted his "title clear" to the leadership of the national Republican party.

In regard to problem third, the solution is not so easy; and yet, as the situation is at the present time, the Republican party has seemingly the inside track. This point granted, then whom could they select for a standard bearer in 1892, who could so fully awaken the old enthusiasm of the Republican masses, win votes from the other party, bring back into the fold the bolting independents and materialize a hero worship into tangible, telling majorities, as he who led them so near to victory in 1884?

There is one thing about Mr. Blaine that the Maine Republicans especially admire, and that is, he never sulks in his tent. Let a Republican rival outstrip him in the race, and he at once takes off his coat and works for him with all his might. A man may oppose, or even abuse him, and he nurses no malice or revenge. On the spur of the moment, when nettled by repeated goading and stinging sarcasm, he has several times in his career bitterly retaliated, to his own injury, notably his retort on Conkling; but these are slight flaws in a magnificent, noble character. If the Maine Republicans get into a muddle, Mr. Blaine is the one to bring order out of chaos. In sunshine or in darkness he is still the Moses to lead them toward the promised land.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Major William McKinley.

When the war broke out, William McKinley, then a youth of 17, a student at Allegheny college, Pa., enlisted as a private in the 23d Ohio. At the close of the war he was mustered out as captain and brevet major. During his army career he served on the staff of Brig. Gen. Hayes, afterward President of the United States. He was also honored with a position on the staff of that brave Indian fighter, Gen. Crook, and subsequently on that of Brig. Gen. Hazen.

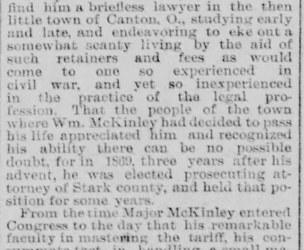
WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

One year after the close of the war we find him a brieftess lawyer in the then little town of Canton, O., studying early and late, and endeavoring to eke out a somewhat scanty living by the aid of such retainers and fees as would come to one so experienced in civil war, and yet so inexperienced in the practice of the legal profession. That the people of the town where Wm. McKinley had decided to pass his life appreciated him and recognized his ability there can be no possible doubt, for in 1869, three years after his advent, he was elected prosecuting attorney of Stark county, and held that position for some years.

From the time Major McKinley entered Congress to the day that his remarkable faculty in mastering the tariff, his consummate tact in handling a small majority, and his genius as a debater enabled him to pass the McKinley tariff bill, he has continued steadily to grow in the favor of the masses of the public throughout the country. Though only 46 years of age, Major McKinley at the close of the second session of the Fifty-first Congress will not only have served his congress through the entire war in a military capacity, but will have devoted fourteen of the best years of his life as one of its most conscientious, painstaking, efficient and able legislators.

Thomas Brackett Reed.

Mr. Reed is in the broadest sense of the term a self made man. The splendid height he has so speedily attained is no result of accident, no opportune combination of fortuitous circumstances, no prestige of high birth, no glamour of wealth, no boosting by influential friends. Like Lincoln, the little chubby faced, tow headed schoolboy, playing with his fellows in the Portland streets or conning his rudimentary text books in the old school house, fought his way upward single handed and alone. And even when 14 years ago, after having acted in the consecutive roles of college student, school teacher, army paymaster, lawyer, city solicitor, member of the Maine House and Senate, and attorney general, he entered the lists as candidate before the convention for Congressional nomination he encountered serious opposition. That was in 1876. Reed, however, won the nomination and then the election. They weighed the man and he was not found wanting. He has been re-elected consecutively ever since.

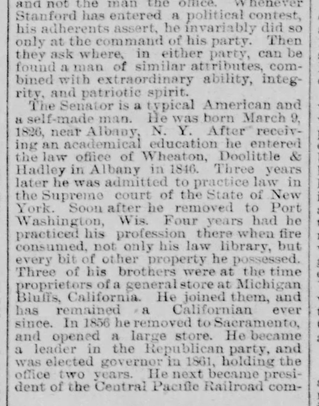


THOMAS B. REED.

Mr. Reed's strength may be thus formulated: A giant intellect in a giant body. A giant intellect, supplemented with hard, earnest, persistent work; thorough honesty of purpose, coupled with the iron will to act his convictions, even though the heavens fall; an earnestness amounting to fervency; a sharp discrimination as a reader of human nature, which enables him to gauge a man at sight, and, consequently, choose wisely his lieutenants; his utter democracy, as shown in his accessibility and open-hearted courtesy, regardless of age, rank or political comelexion; his jolly good nature, which never forsakes him until bored beyond reasonable limits, and lastly, his personal magnetism.

John Sherman.

Of John Sherman it can be truthfully said that he is a statesman. One never thinks of him as anything else, and few think him a politician in the popular definition of that much derided word. His statesmanship is as broad as the nation, and when he has gone to his long sleep there will be entwined about his name and his deeds the laurels of a fame that will endure as long as the Stars and Stripes fly in air. Much of them he has gathered in life, but republics are ungrateful—to the living.



JOHN SHERMAN.

John Sherman's claims to fame as a statesman are many, and they are all firmly founded. His positions on the great questions of his time—and his time includes the most stirring and prescient periods of the life of the republic—has always been the position of a statesman and a patriot consistent. Consistency is one of the brightest jewels in Sherman's crown of life. He is essentially a man of the people, and he has always been with the people—when the people were right. His vision was in many instances that might be quoted longer than that of the people, and when it was so the stand he took on affairs of state was criticised, but time proved to his constituents that he was right, and they were in error.

For almost half a century—36 years in fact—John Sherman has been a prominent figure among that great group of men who make history. For a period of time longer than the average life of man he has been intimately identified with every great issue that affected the interests of the whole people of the country. In all the long years of his public service he has never erred on any of the innumerable grave questions that have been to the fore. Neither friend nor foe can say that on any of the great issues of state John Sherman has been wrong.

Leland Stanford.

Admirers of the California Senator are hopeful that ere long this sterling Pacific slope Republican will be named to lead the party to victory in a Presidential campaign. They argue that not once since the foundation of the government has the Golden Gate been honored with a Presidential or Vice Presidential nomination. Not once have they asked a national convention to consider the claims of any one of their brilliant men for the first place in the gift of the nation. On every occasion that they have indorsed a favorite for a Cabinet Ministership, they complain, little or no attention has been paid to them. Senator Stanford has never been and never will be an office seeker. He believes in the too oft violated principle that the office should seek the man, and not the man the office. Whenever Stanford has entered a political contest, his adherents assert, he invariably did so only at the command of his party. Then they ask where, in either party, can be found a man of similar attributes, combined with extraordinary ability, integrity, and patriotic spirit.

The Senator is a typical American and a self-made man. He was born March 9, 1820, near Albany, N. Y. After receiving an academical education he entered the law office of Wheaton, Doolittle & Hadley in Albany in 1840. Three years later he was admitted to practice law in the Supreme court of the State of New York. Soon after he removed to Port Washington, Wis. Four years had he practiced his profession there when fire consumed, not only his law library, but every bit of other property he possessed. Three of his brothers were at the time proprietors of a general store at Michigan Bluffs, California. He joined them, and has remained a Californian ever since. In 1856 he removed to Sacramento, and opened a large store. He became a leader in the Republican party, and was elected governor in 1861, holding the office two years. He next became president of the Central Pacific Railroad company, and superintended its construction over the mountains, performing the extraordinary feat of building 830 miles of it in 293 days. From the day that the last spike was driven Stanford's name and his great financiering and engineering achievements have been the wonder of the country in which he lives. Wherever Stanford has since made an investment it has turned out a veritable gold mine. His wealth is to-day estimated at from $75,000,000 to $100,000,000. It is invested in railroads, steamship companies, real estate and mines, and his income has been estimated at times at from $3,000 to $5,000 a day. He was elected to the United States Senate, his term beginning March 4, 1885.

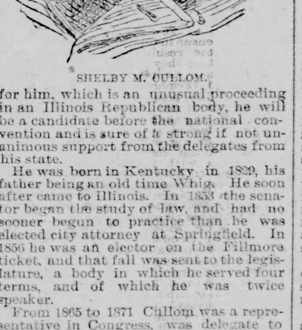
LELAND STANFORD.

[Reproduced from Harper's Weekly by permission. Copyright by Harper Brothers.]

There is nothing of the miser about Stanford, however, and his friends assert that no man was ever a more devoted friend to labor and to education than is the senator from California. Millions of dollars have he and his charming wife expended in alleviating the sufferings of the poor and extending refining influences to their fellow men and women. The crowning feat in Senator Stanford's life is hailed by his friends in the establishment of the great university in California, which he is erecting in memory of his only son, whom he lost several years ago. It will cost fully $20,000,000, and he has dedicated it as a gift to the people of California.

William B. Allison.

William B. Allison was born in Wayne county, Ohio, in 1829, of Scotch-Irish parentage. He read law and commenced the practice of his chosen profession at Ashland, Ohio, about 1852 or 1853. He was induced through the solicitation of some friends to visit Dubuque, Iowa, and in 1856 removed there, which has since been and now is his home. He served on the staff of the governor of Iowa and aided in organizing volunteers in the beginning of the war for the suppression of the rebellion, was elected a Representative in the Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, Fortieth and Forty-first Congresses, and was elected to the United States Senate as a Republican, to succeed James Harlan, Republican. The people of Iowa take a just pride in his career. They made him their representative in the darkest hours of the civil war, when disaster followed disaster. He was their representative when Abraham Lincoln committed the cause of public liberty to the keeping of the Union army.

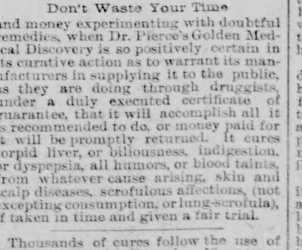


WM. B. ALLISON.

Mr. Allison's availability as a Presidential candidate rests upon his unimpeachable record, his acknowledged ability to creditably fill the office of Chief Executive and his exceptional freedom from personal antagonism. His public record is that of a consistent, sagacious statesman. It will bear the closest inspection. When to that is added his personal record, which no reputable person has dared to assail, we find, so far as party availability is concerned, no prominent American statesman to-day has anything to compare as a "vote getting" consideration. Mr. Allison is eminently conservative, and yet always in the van of progress. He is never carried off his feet by his feelings or the zeal and enthusiasm of his associates, or by popular clamor upon any passing question. He weighs well every public measure upon which he is called to act and then gives it his support only after mature consideration.

Shelby M. Cullom.

Senator Cullom, of Illinois, is in the field for the Presidency in earnest and already his friends are canvassing the states to procure for him the same kind of indorsement in 1892 which Gresham had two years ago and Logan practically four years before that. Also, even should the state convention refuse to instruct for him, which is an unusual proceeding in an Illinois Republican body, he will be a candidate before the national convention and is sure of a strong if not unanimous support from the delegates from his state.



SHELBY M. CULLOM.

He was born in Kentucky in 1829, his father being an old time Whig. He soon after came to Illinois. In 1853 the senator began the study of law, and had no sooner begun to practice than he was elected city attorney at Springfield. In 1856 he was an elector on the Fillmore ticket, and that fall was sent to the legislature, a body in which he served four terms, and of which he was twice speaker.

From 1865 to 1871 Cullom was a representative in Congress, was delegate to the Republican convention in Philadelphia in 1872, and, as chairman of the Illinois delegation, put Gen. Grant in nomination. He was elected governor of Illinois in 1876, was re-elected in 1880, and resigned in 1883, when he was elected to the United States Senate, to succeed Judge David Davis. He was re-elected senator the same year.

His consistent and stalwart Republicanism has never been questioned, while although in public life constantly since 1856 his record is clean and without the shadow of a suspicion. His strength in Illinois lies through the farming sections of the state.

It is urged for him that his nomination would satisfy the farmers of the West, who really form the backbone of the Republican party and who have undoubtedly become very restive and liable to break through party traces during the last two years. They have confidence, however, in Senator Cullom, and his nomination would prevent any possibility of a bolt in that direction. This is not only true of Illinois, where the Democrats are more hopeful of success than they ever were before, but of Iowa, where the granger feeling is very strong, and which did go Democratic last fall, as well as Wisconsin, Minnesota and other states, which are not so surely Republican as they used to be. As for the East, Senator Cullom is, his friends claim, by no means an unknown man.

Don't Waste Your Time

and money experimenting with doubtful remedies, when Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is so positively certain in its curative action as to warrant its manufacturers in supplying it to the public, as they are doing through druggists, under a duly executed certificate of guarantee, that it will accomplish all it is recommended to do, or money paid for it will be promptly returned. It cures torpid liver, or biliousness, indigestion, or dyspepsia, all humors, or blood taints, from whatever cause arising, skin and scalp diseases, scrofulous affections, (not excepting consumption, or lung-scrofula), if taken in time and given a fair trial.

Thousands of cures follow the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents.

Wasn't Allowed to Sentimentalize.

Apronstrings—After all, Henpeck, what a world of meaning in those sad, sad words, "It might have been."

Henpeck—Say, Apronstrings, did you ever go home at 2 o'clock in the morning and find your wife waiting for you?

Apronstrings—Yes. Why?

Henpeck—Well, for genuine sadness, "it might have been" doesn't begin to compare with "Where have you been."—[Yehowine's News.

A Genuine Attachment.

Polite debtor (who has been dining his principal creditor at his country homestead)—Well how do you like the place?

Creditor—Beautiful, charming! I confess to an attachment for the place already.

Debtor—Indeed!

Creditor—Yes, my lawyer will serve the papers to-morrow or the next day.—[Burlington Free Press.

Why Boston Prefers the Navy.

McCorkle—Boston people are more favorably disposed towards the navy than the army.

Cumso—Why is that?

McCorkle—There are such things as navy beans, you know.—[Drake's Magazine.

Advice for "Johnny With His Gun."

Every man should have an aim in life, but he shouldn't spend too much time aiming. The quick shot gets the clay pigeon when the trap is sprung.—[Somerville Journal.

Lamentable Lack of Courage.

"Well, you Prohibitionists have gone back on your principles again, I see."

"How so?"

"By nominating a 'full' ticket."—[Brooklyn Life.

—Use Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer and your thin gray locks will thicken up and be restored to their youthful color, vigor and beauty.

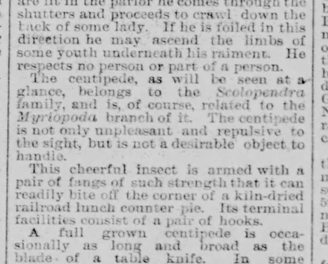
SOUTHWESTERN PESTS,

WHICH MAKE IT LIVELY SOMETIMES.

The Festive Tarantula, the Cheerful Centipede, the Fascinating Devil's Horse, and the Sedate Horned Frog.

In the most settled parts of Texas venomous insects are almost as absolute as they are in the Middle States, but in the valley of the Rio Grande, the boundary line between Texas and Mexico, tarantulas, centipedes, scorpions, ticks and other irritators of the human cuticle can be had for the picking, and they are ripe from one year's end to the other.

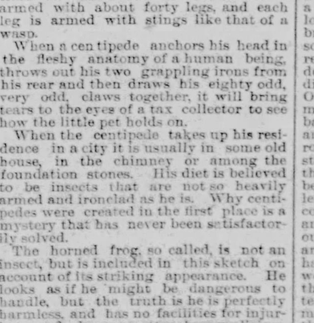
Probably the tarantula is entitled to a position at the head of the programme. As his portrait shows, his personal appearance seems to have been gotten up for the very purpose of inspiring a lack of confidence. He is an enormous, dark, brunette spider, which, like the average cowboy, runs largely to hair and legs. His (the tarantatula's) entire body is covered with short, coarse black hair, or bristles. He is armed with a pair of curved fangs with which he obtains his food or repels the familiarity of man. When a tarantula's legs are spread out he will cover the palm of a man's hand. He wears the style of polonaise peculiar to all spiders.



THE TARANTULA.

However, the tarantula has his good points. Unlike the mosquito, he does not partake of man as an article of diet. The tarantula bites only in self-defense, and he subsists on grasshoppers and other fellow insects. He is very quiet until he is teased by prodding him familiarly with a cane, for instance, in the small of the back. The bite of the tarantula is rarely fatal, but while it lasts the pain is more severe than parting with a new five dollar bill.

These two comical looking insects, which in pose somewhat resemble a couple of girl graduates playing a duet at a piano, are called devil's horses, but unlike the girl graduates thus employed, the devil's horses are perfectly harmless. This insect is the *mantis religiosa*, or the praying mantis, so called because of the mistaken belief of the early explorers that he was saying his prayers. All the praying he does is spelt with an "e." He prays on flies and mosquitoes, which he eats very much after the fashion of a boy pulling himself over a banana.



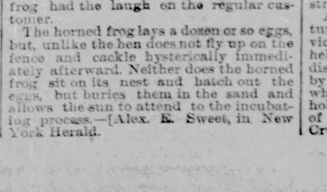
THE DEVIL'S HORSE.

The appearance of the devil's horse is very much against him, inasmuch as he resembles man more than any other insect that has ever been invented. His small, round head and long neck are suggestive of a dude. His head, by the way, seems to revolve on a swivel, or pivot, like that of an owl. Two long feelers sprout from the bumps of mirthfulness. He is disposed to be sociable, not to say obtrusive. When the lights are lit in the parlor he comes through the shutters and proceeds to crawl down the back of some lady. If he is foiled in this direction he will next crawl up the limbs of some youth underneath his raiment. He respects no person or part of a person.

The centipede, as will be seen at a glance, belongs to the *Scolopendra* family, and is, of course, related to the *Myriopoda* branch of it. The centipede is not only unpleasant and repulsive to the sight, but is not a desirable object to handle.

This cheerful insect is armed with a pair of fangs of such strength that it can readily bite off the corner of a kiln-dried railroad lunch counter pie. Its terminal facilities consist of a pair of hooks.

A full grown centipede is occasionally as long and broad as the blade of a table knife. In some parts of Mexico the centipede is even larger, and almost as dangerous as a rattlesnake. Each side of the insect is armed with about forty legs, and each leg is armed with stings like that of a wasp.



THE CENTIPEDE.

When a centipede anchors his head in the fleshy anatomy of a human being, throws out his two grappling irons from his rear and then draws his eighty odd, very odd, claws together, it will bring tears to the eyes of a tax collector to see how the little pet holds on.

When the centipede takes up his residence in a city it is usually in some old house, in the chimney or among the foundation stones. His diet is believed to be insects that are not so heavily armed and ironclad as he is. Why centipedes were created in the first place is a mystery that has never been satisfactorily solved.

The horned frog, so called, is not an insect, but is included in this sketch on account of his striking appearance. He looks as if he might be dangerous to handle, but the truth is he is perfectly harmless, and has no facilities for injuring anybody, no matter how malicious he might be.

Moreover, he is not a frog at all, but a lizard.

He has no vocal ability like the frog. He never sings. He cannot jump, and like the young lady in the ballad who adjusted her clothing on a hickory limb, he never goes near the water, all of which explodes the frog theory.

THE HORNED FROG.

However, he has horns, two on the back of his head, while his whole back is encrusted with horns.

His body is flat, and Professor Cope, of Philadelphia, who was in Texas some years ago, supposed that the first specimen he examined had been run over by a wagon or subjected to a letter press.

The horned frog is very abstemious. It can live for months without eating anything and be none the worse for it.

This cunning little reptile will remain perfectly immovable in one position for days at a time, which looks very much as if Nature started to make a messenger boy of it, but changed her mind.

The principal diet of the horned frog is flies. I have seen one used as a fly trap in the window of a Texas restaurant. The regular customer, probably, got as many flies as the frog, but he didn't know it, while the frog did. That's where the frog had the laugh on the regular customer.

The horned frog lays a dozen or so eggs, but, unlike the hen does not fly up on the fence and cackle hysterically immediately afterward. Neither does the horned frog sit on its nest and hatch out the eggs, but buries them in the sand and allows the sun to attend to the incubating process.—[Alex. E. Sweet, in New York Herald.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

Calling Him Down.

IN THE Camp Fire, July 3, under the caption, "Looking Backward," from a contributor who signs himself Dan Knight, I find some things which convict this contributor of inexcusable ignorance, or what is infinitely worse, reckless, intentional false statements concerning a brave and loyal officer. A soldier who will purposely injure the good name of a comrade through either cause, is an object of either pity or contempt.

Here, for instance, is an extract from this benighted Knight:

Buell was coming from Nashville with his Army of the Cumberland to reinforce Grant. Here was more jealousy. Gen. Buell really connived to delay his army on the march, so as to arrive, apparently, just in time to save Grant's army from total destruction.

This contributor evidently belongs to that class of persons who think it necessary to destroy the reputation of one man in order to build up that of another. There has been enough of this lop-sided stuff sold by so-called history writers. It is time now that the old soldiers were getting down to hard facts, and giving an impartial story of what they know to be the truth.

I, too, was a private at Shiloh—came there, as this Knight would say, by the "connivance" of Buell on the double-quick, and took my place in line just as the curtain of night began to lower over that darkest tragedy of the war—the first day at Shiloh. The memories of that hour come back over the vale of time like some horrible, unreal dream. Those impressions from my first experience in war are more vivid than any subsequent ones, though the appalling spectacle of Shiloh I never saw equalled afterward. I heard that night, and for weeks afterward, the anathemas of Gen. Grant's own men and officers on his head, for permitting his men to be surprised and shot down by hundreds in their very camp, and the army driven to the verge of total destruction, when a little precaution would have saved hundreds of lives. I say this was the talk at that time, and no amount of explanation has changed the verdict given then, that a grievous blunder—almost fatal—was made. Still, no one has ever questioned Gen. Grant's loyalty and faithfulness to his flag and country. His previous good services and subsequent successful career have greatly atoned for the mistakes of Shiloh.

It was over-assurance of his strength, or rather his underestimate of his adversary, that brought disaster to Gen. Grant's army. Had Gen. Grant expected this attack he would have done two things that he did not do. He would have thrown up a line of earthworks from Owl to Lick Creek, which would have made his position well nigh secure against the assaults of raw Confederate troops; and he would have sent word, apprising Buell who, under Halleck's direction, was approaching by easy stages, with his well-organized army to form a part of a grand army, with which Halleck proposed to capture Johnston's army at Corinth, Miss. Gen. Grant did not expect an attack, hence did neither thing. In his dispatch to Halleck, April 5, (see Official Records of the Rebellion, page 89, vol. X., report's), he says:

I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attack (general one) being made, but will be prepared should such a thing take place. Buell's forces divided yesterday. The other divisions of Buell's column will arrive tomorrow and next day. It is my intention to send them to Hamburg, some four miles above Pittsburg, when they all get here.

This was on April 5. The battle began next morning. Had Gen. Grant felt apprehensive of danger, he would not only have sent Nelson's division up to Pittsburg (10 miles) at once by steamboats, but he would also have sent couriers to Buell, who was back with his column, to make a forced march. Grant did nothing of the kind; but he declined to permit the impetuous and restless Nelson to lead his division to Pittsburg, as that officer desired, informing both Nelson and Gen. Ammen, (commander 1st brigade, Nelson's division), that he could not arrange for their transfer to permanent camps before the 8th.

These statements are made to show that there was not, in Gen. Grant's estimation, any cause for haste, though Nelson, in his interview with Grant on the 5th, told him that Beauregard would not miss the opportunity to assail him before Buell got up. But Gen. Grant thought differently.

Now if Grant, who was on the ground, familiar with the reports of pickets and scouts, and with every fact which should apprise a careful general of the situation, saw no signs of danger—of an attack in force—why should Gen. Buell, who was approaching by regular stages, be accused of a "connivance," which amounts to disloyalty and treachery, to wait until Grant's army was defeated before he came up? The talk about Buell's delaying, to build bridges when bridges could have been dispensed with, is about on a level with the other stuff some of these top-heavy historians tell. One instance will illustrate: Gen. Alex. McCook, (one of Ohio's brave and loyal men), led the advance division of Buell's army. Duck river bridge, at Columbia, was burned by Forest's cavalry, and as the water was at a booming stage, McCook's sturdy fellows threw off their coats and went at bridge-building with a will. Gen. Nelson, who led another division, always a restless, uneasy spirit, chafed at the delay, and declared he could wade his division across if Buell would permit it. On the following morning he did so, his men carrying their clothes on their bayonets, the water being about to their arm pits, and so swift that a cordon of ropes strung on army wagons filled with stone was placed across the stream below the line of march to keep the men from being swept away. This gave Nelson the lead, which he kept, though McCook completed the bridge that day and followed hard after. Throughout this march of Buell's army from Nashville the men, when halted even for a day or so, were put to work drilling and fitting themselves for the duties of the soldier. It was this attention to details, enforcement of military discipline and soldierly conduct, that made that fine army afterwards known as the Army of the Cumberland. It was these troops who, on the second day at Shiloh, elicited Sherman's admiration, and of whom he says in his Memoirs, Vol. 1, page 259:

And here I saw, for the first time, the well-ordered, compact columns of General Buell's Kentucky forces, whose soldierly movements at once gave confidence to our newer and less disciplined men.

As well might the charge of disloyal connivance be brought against Gen. Lew Wallace, who commanded one of Gen. Grant's best divisions at Crump's Landing, only six miles from the battlefield, on the same side of the river, yet did not get into action at all the first day. Ignorance and prejudice have consigned Gen. Wallace to a traitor's fate many times; yet, in the light of all the facts, he was honorably acquitted of blame, and shared the confidence of Gen. Grant as a soldier, as did Gen. Buell. One of the first things Gen. Grant did on coming into command, in 1864, was to ask the secretary of War to restore Gen. Buell to duty. Gen. Grant says of him in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. I., page 482:

No one who knew him ever believed him capable of a dishonorable act.

I have alluded to this matter at length, because it is one of those old, thread-bare stories which are so often repeated that some people believe and accept them as a part of history. The charge is unjust, not only to Gen. Buell, but to his officers and men who were marching, fixing roads, building bridges, drilling, picketing, etc., but who, on the first sound of the cannon at Shiloh, went on the run to the aid of their comrades there and threw themselves between Grant's stricken army and its exultant foe.

As to Gen. Grant's ability to have turned the defeat of the first day into a victory the second day without Buell's help, I have serious doubts; but will not discuss that point now—it has been done by abler pens. I have often wondered why Gen. Grant, if he felt capable of holding his ground, did not load a couple of Buell's fine divisions at either Crump's landing, or Hamburg, on the night of the 6th, on steam boats, from either of which points they could have made a night march to the Corinth road in rear of the enemy, thereby effectually cutting off his communications and breaking up and capturing his whole army as he retreated the next day. This would have been a sort of Stonewall Jackson maneuver, but was entirely practical if Gen. Grant's premises were correct.

Shiloh, for prolonged deadly combat, among raw, undisciplined men, stands without a parallel in modern warfare. Those who tell the story for future reference should tell it truthfully and impartially to friend and foe—the more especially now that we are one and the same countrymen.—OLD SOLDIER, Bowling Green, O.

The Last Shot.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In a recent number of THE BLADE there was an article headed, "The Last Shot Fired on the Battle Field of Chickamanga." This statement is an alleged interview between a reporter of a Cincinnati paper and A. B. Leeper, Sergt. Co. A, 115th Ills. Vols., who had been down to Chattanooga and out on the battle field of Chickamanga. In the course of the conversation Mr. Leeper claims to have fired the last shot at that great battle. This may be true, and it may not, as the 115th was the last regiment to leave the field. But some of Leeper's statements are very remarkable, to say the least.

He says that in the dim light he saw a Confederate soldier drawing a "bead" on him from behind a black-oak tree, not ten feet away. Quickly throwing up his Remington rifle he fired, missing the reb about six inches, the bullet lodging in the tree. He then turned and walked away, the reb going in the opposite direction. He fails to give us any reason why the rebel soldier did not fire at him. I suppose the Johnnie thought he would not waste ammunition on a man that could not hit him at a distance of less than ten feet.

But we have this strange statement: Mr. Leeper decides to search for the bullet. He remembered the tree was a black-oak, a large one, and stood almost alone. Then, to his great surprise, he found the bullet—the only one in the tree—and identifies it as the one he fired 27 years ago! He further says it was a Remington rifle ball, and states his company was the only one in the regiment that had Remington rifles, the other companies having Enfield rifles. Now, these statements will doubtless make the old vets of the 115th smile. Certainly it will not be denied that there was no harder fought battle during the war than that fought by Whittaker's brigade of Steedman's division, Granger's reserve corps, Army of the Cumberland; that in this engagement, on September 20, 1863, about 50 per cent of those engaged were either killed or wounded. Not a tree, big or little, escaped being literally filled with lead. The ground was swept clean of brush and weeds. It seems a miracle that any one escaped, as the air was filled with the death-dealing bullets; and those who escaped being wounded, had their clothes filled with bullet holes, the writer having no less than six or seven in his coat.

Just where that big black-oak tree stood, that it was not hit during that day is, to say the least, a very strange thing. The statement that his company had Remington rifles, while all of the other companies had Enfields, is not correct, for all of the regiment know that we exchanged our Remingtons for Enfields after the battle of Chickamauga. Then, Comrade Leeper, as you are mistaken in some of your statements, is there not a possibility that you are mistaken in your statement that you fired the last shot at the battle of Chickamauga? In fact, are you right sure you saw a rebel soldier behind a black-oak tree in the "dim light?" If I remember correctly, we left the field before the "dim light" had come. Then there is another soldier of the 115th Reg. (James Thompson, of Co. D), who claims the belt for firing the last shot at the battle of Chickamauga. It is well known that the 115th Ills. had no ammunition for some time previous to leaving the field, and we had to make several bayonet charges to keep Longstreet's columns off of us.

About this time Corp. Thompson found a Springfield rifle with some cartridges in the box, and as we were retiring from the field he remained in the rear, and from tree to tree fired at the rebs as they appeared on the ridge we had left. While thus engaged he was shot through both legs. Jo Boyd, of Co. D, who was near, saw him fall, and ran up to me, saying Thompson was wounded. I asked some of the boys to run back and bring him up, which they did, under a brisk fire. There were none of our men in the rear of my company, but when we came up to the regiment, the colonel had mounted his horse that had been left in the rear, and Keeler, the bugler, had mounted the horse the colonel had ridden during the battle. I asked the colonel to let me have the horse the bugler was on for Thompson to ride. The horse had been shot twice during the battle, but we made him carry Thompson to Rossville that night. Next morning the horse was dead; but Thompson still lives at New Lancaster, Kan., a hero of two wars—the Mexican war, and the war of the rebellion.—SAMUEL HYMES, Capt. Co. D, 115th Ills. Vol.

The Long Roll.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Elias H. Stillwell, born at Batesville, Noble Co., O., Dec. 9, 1843, died at his home in Troy, O., Monday morning, June 30, 1890. He enlisted in the three months' service early in the war; re-enlisted in Co. D, 92d O. V. I., Dec. 2, 1862; was at Chicamauga, Mission Ridge, and with Sherman to the sea; was a member of H. C. Coleman Post, Dept. of Ohio, G. A. R., Troy, O. His brother, John H. Stillwell, also a veteran of the war for the union, who resides at Troy, O., and is widely known as an importer of English draft horses, is now the only survivor of a large family of patriots and soldiers, and has the sympathies of the whole comradeship of Ohio.—DALZELL.

Another "Youngest" Soldier.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In THE BLADE, June 5, under heading of "The Youngest Soldier," I saw the record of Mr. George N. Foster, Co. C, 19th Ohio Vols. He claims to have enlisted at the age of 13 years, 3 months and 26 days. I am very sorry to knock Comrade Foster out as the youngest soldier, but must do so, for there is nothing in this world I am more proud of than the fact that I was a soldier during the war and fought for our dear old flag—God bless it forever—and I am still with our flag, as my record will show.

I enlisted in 1862, in Co. M, 6th Ky. Cav., when 12 years and 8 months old. I served with my company as private during 1862 and 1863, when I was transferred as a drummer to Co. H, 16th V. R. C., on account

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Indigestion in Fowls.

W. W., Michigan: Your fowls are no doubt suffering from indigestion. You should have stated what kind of food are given them. They should have plenty of green grass. If allowed to run where grass is poor and dead they eat it and their crops become impacted. Indigestion will occur also if too much dry food is given. Give each fowl a teaspoonful of caster oil, and soft feed once a day, of bran mixed with vegetables. It will be well to boil the bran. Feed this as stated until the distention of the crop ceases. If the crop becomes so much bodied that the fowls cannot digest, open the crop and remove the contents, sew up the cut with needle and thread picking up the inner membrane first. There is not danger in this. Do you give them plenty of pebbles or broken crockery or glass. If not, do so, as they need something to grind that which they eat.

Bony Growth Below the Knee.

F. V., Wisconsin: For the bony growth below the knee of each of your horses, take of bin-iodine of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 2 ozs. Mix well together. Shave off the hair, and rub the part with a little of the ointment once a day for six or eight days, washing off before each application with warm water and soap. If the desired effect is not produced, repeat it. The growth may be checked, but cannot be reduced. The enlargement is the result of sprain by pulling or by the animals striking their legs against some hard substance.

Umbilical Rupture in Colt.

J. W. V., Nebraska: For the rupture in your young colt place it gently upon its back, and after cutting the hair away over the part affected, press carefully upon the swelling until it is reduced. Have ready a soft piece of leather, on one side of which is shoemaker's wax. Warm it a little and place it over the rupture. Also have a wide band that will fit snugly around the colt with straps and buckles. Pass this around the colt and buckle the band on the back of the colt. If the swelling has been properly reduced and the appliances properly adjusted, the colt will come around all right. This is a case that should receive the attention of a veterinary surgeon.

Lumps Under the Skin and Sore Neck and Shoulders.

J. W., Illinois: Have the lumps you spoke of first appeared on the inside of the hind legs, or on the fore legs? As your local horse doctor has made an examination of your horses, he is better capable of judging of the nature of the disease than the editor, who can only form an opinion from that which is written. Farcey is an incipient stage of glanders, the latter of which manifests itself after the neck and lips are affected. Button farcey is superficial, being confined to the lymphetic nerves of the skin. The other variety manifests itself as stated above. Button farcey may be cured if properly treated. You are advised to take of saltpeter, 2 ozs.; copperas, 1 oz.; ginger, ½ oz.; fenugreek, 1 oz.; anise, ½ oz.; gentian, 1 oz. Mix and divide into 12 powders, and give one each day. For the sores on the neck and shoulders, take of tincture of opium, 2 ozs.; tannin, 2 drachms. Wash the parts affected with warm soapsuds water, and, after drying carefully, apply the above twice a day. After the application, take wheat flour and sprinkle a little on the sores. The horses should not be compelled to work, but should have a rest until the parts affected heal. The collars should be carefully adjusted, as a horse with tender shoulders, will have a renewal of the trouble unless the collar fits snugly. In cases where it is necessary to work a horse with sore shoulders, the collar should be lifted as frequently as possible to admit air to the shoulder.

Old Horse Puffs and Blows—Does Not Sweat.

T. L. G., Ottawa county, Ohio: Rub the throat of your horse with mustard water, and give internally, the following powders: Sulphate of copper and pulverized ginger, of each, 1 oz.; pulverized gentian root, 6 ozs. Make into 16 powders, and give one every night. You should not have given him condition powders, unless by the advice of a veterinarian. Many letters reach the editor describing ailments of horses, in which the authors say they have given condition powders. In a majority of the cases to which the letters refer, condition powders, instead of remedying the disease, only tended to aggravate it. Condition powders should be used cautiously. In some instances condition powders containing Fowler's solution of arsenic, are a good thing, but this drug is given with entirely to little consideration at times and to the injury of the horse.

Rain Water in Cisterns.

J. R. B., Illinois: To deodorize water that emits an unpleasant odor, the *Rural New Yorker* gives the following: The rain water flowing from roofs is always more or less charged with various kinds of organic matter which is peculiarly offensive. The excrements of birds, dead insects, dust, spores of fungi, pollen from trees, all gather upon the roofs and are washed into the cistern, where they decompose and become exceedingly offensive. To avoid this the water should pass through a filter, or there should be an automatic attachment by which the first flow is diverted from the cistern with all the collected filth and only the pure water allowed to enter into it. A filter may be made of a barrel having fine layers of clean sand and broken charcoal so placed that the water must pass through them and thus be purified. A remedy for the existing evil may be procured by putting in the cistern a cleanly washed sunny bag having in it a bushel of fresh, clean charcoal broken into pieces not larger—for the largest—than eggs.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Remedy for Hen Lice.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—Here is a sure remedy for hen lice: Take of slacked lime and wood ashes equal parts, and throw it high with a small scoop or shovel, and it will settle all over the roosts, and you will not be troubled any more with them. I have tried it with sure results.—JOHN SIMPSON, Ohio.

Cow Loses Her Milk.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—If any of the readers of the BLADE know of a remedy for, or to prevent, a cow from losing her milk, they will confer a favor by publishing it in the BLADE, as I have a very valuable cow that loses her milk, so that we only get about a gallon of milk at a milking. Any information will be gladly received. I look in the BLADE for all information that I want and generally find it. I couldn't keep house without the BLADE.—C. M., R. C. H., West Virginia.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

FUNGUS DISEASES OF PLANTS.

Their Nature and the Remedies that Their Study Has Recommended.

In a recent bulletin of the Ohio Agricultural Experiment station, Mr. Clarence M. Weed says that investigations and experiments made within the last years upon the various rots, smuts, blights, mildews and other affections of plants caused by fungi, have already given us practical remedies for many of these pests, and there is good reason to hope that many others will soon be brought under control. On account of the great interest in the subject now felt by many fruit growers, it has been thought desirable to present in this bulletin a general discussion of the subject, together with formulas for the preparation of the several fungicides now in use.

To give the reader a clearer idea of what is meant by a fungous disease, I cannot do better than to quote the following discussion by Dr. Roland Thaxter, of the Connecticut experiment station:

"Fungus or fungous disease, that is, a disease caused by a fungus or fungi, is the term properly applied to a majority of ailments among plants which are commonly and loosely designated by such names as blast, blight, mildew, mould, rot, rust, scab, scald and smut, all of which convey to the mind a more or less confused and inaccurate idea of what they are intended to distinguish. Such diseases are accurately known only by the scientific names which have been given to the fungi which cause them. For example, the onion smut in Connecticut is known as Urocystis Cepulæ; Urocystis being the generic or group name given to all smuts having the special characters found in the onion smut, while Cepulæ, which notes the fact that it is found in no small cultivated onions, is the special name applied to the particular species mentioned.

"Whatever different names we may decide to give them, or rather to their visible effects or products, their nature is practically the same in all cases. That is, the injury is caused by certain lowly organized plants, living on or in the tissues of the plant which harbors them and is conveniently called their host or host-plant. Their vegetative portion consists of an indefinite growth of thread-like tubes, which usually branch in growing in or through the tissues of the host, and absorb from them the contained nutriment. Such thread-like tubes are called hyphæ, and from them are produced the reproductive bodies of fungus, usually in the form of what are called spores. The spores, which correspond in many cases to the seeds of higher plants, and perform the same function are very various in their size, shape, color and markings. Many are simple, composed of a single cell, and others are compound and divided by partition into from two to sometimes very many cells. They are usually very minute and invisible to the naked eye except in the mass. In germination, which takes place under proper conditions of warmth and moisture, one or more hyphæ are produced from the spores or its divisions, and on or from hyphæ thus produced, are ultimately formed more spores similar to that from which they sprang. In a general way then, and in the simplest case, the individual fungus plant may be said to consist of a spore producing a series of threads, on which are borne other spores similar to that which they owed their origin."

Thus it will be seen that these diseases are caused by plants developing from spores. Hence, if these spores can be destroyed, or if unaffected host-plants can be coated with something which will prevent the development of the spores, the injury will be stopped. To this fact is due the important-practical results recently reached in fighting plant-diseases.

The substances used for destroying these spores, or preventing the development of the fungi are called fungicides, or killers of fungi. The most important fungicide now in use are the compounds of copper, especially the sulphate of copper or blue vitriol, and the carbonate of copper. From these substances two of the leading fungicide solutions are made, the bordeaux mixture and the ammoniacal carbonate of copper.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wire Worms.

Garden and Forest says: Referring to the note on wire worms quoted in our last number from *The Garden*, Professor Smith writes that these worms have been for years among those pests for which we had no satisfactory remedies. Salt in corn hills has been used with more or less success, but has killed as many corn plants as wire worms. Experiments made during the present season indicate that in the potash salts, muriate and kainit, we have the long looked for remedy. Laboratory experiments prove positively that both of these substances are fatal to wire worms, both the myriapods (Julus sp.) and the spring beetle (Elaterid) larvæ, while the universal testimony of farmers who have used it in the habit of using these substances as fertilizers, to the effect that they have not been bothered since they used them. It will not do to plant in a bed of either muriate or kainit, since the latter especially is dangerous to plant life; but a heavy top dressing some days before planting so that a rain will dissolve and carry the salts into the ground will prove fatal to wire worms and will prove fatal to cutworms that in the soil. Experiments indicate that the muriate is the most effective on insects and the least injurious to plant life.

Future of American Wheat Growing.

The *Rural New-Yorker* has the following editorial: The statisticians are having a lively time just now figuring out the future of American wheat growing. We are told by one class of economists that within ten years we shall be obliged to import a good deal of our wheat or resort to irrigation to make fertile land out of the arid wastes. On the other hand, we are told that within a few years, the immense tracts of waste lands in Russia, Argentine and Australia will be used to supply the whole world with wheat at a cost of production so low that it will be folly to think of competing with these great wheat farms. Which side is right? Is American wheat growing doomed, or are American farmers to receive a fair price for their grain as soon as the great wheat fields of the West shall have been so far robbed of their fertility that it will be necessary for them to stop growing wheat and recuperate? If our opinion is worth anything, the latter outcome is the more probable. Wheat is not like cotton and sugar, dependent upon its profitable growing upon the cheapest sort of labor. It is the crop to which the most skilful farmers may look to for profit, for it will respond quicker than almost any other to scientific culture. No class of half-civilized workmen will ever be able to compete at wheat growing with American farmers who are willing to master their business. The future bread of this country will not come from bonanza farms, but from the smaller homesteads. One thing is certain, in the future it behooves a farmer to have his land in good heart, waiting in readiness for the time when a good crop of wheat will represent a good supply of dollars. That time is coming.

Salt in Animal Economy.

The *Prairie Farmer* says: A certain class of people who have not looked carefully into scientific conclusions have urged that salt is a foreign body, a mineral compound, composed of two substances inimical to the animal system, and therefore poisonous. Not so! The union of clorine and sodium in definite natural proportions, constant in chemistry, produces cloride of sodium, or what we know as salt. It is innoxious to the system, except when taken in extraordinary doses, and in such cases it produces simply laxation of the bowels.

It is craved by all animals except by those living exclusively on flesh, this latter class finding sufficient to supply the wants of nature in their food.

Thinning Fruit Trees.

The *Country Gentleman* says: This is a subject which will properly bear repetition. Among others who have amply tested its advantages, is Jabez Fisher of Fitchburg, Mass., who stated in an address before the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, after an experience of more than twenty years in thinning pears, and half as many in apples, that the labor expended in this way has always been worth more than twice what it has cost, and in some cases more than five times. He confidently stated that it adds to the value of the remaining product from twenty-five to one hundred per cent. It pays the largest profit when the crops are heaviest. In such crops, the difference in the value of the first and seconds is greatest. In 1888, when the apple product was very large, and a great quantity went begging at small prices, first class fruits sold for fully three times the price of the others. But it should be borne in mind that the trees on which the fruit is grown must receive fair attention and good cultivation, for fine fruit cannot be grown on feeble and stunted trees, nor gathered from them. The finer and fairer the specimens the handsomer and more perfect and excellent will be those bringing high prices in market; but in all cases the best fruit will grow on trees not overcrowded with crops.

Developing Young Colt.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says: I am raising a colt of good trotting stock, now two months old. It runs with its mother in pasture and seems to have plenty of milk. When shall I begin to feed it, and what ration to develop speed and strength; is bran (wheat) good? how old should it be to be castrated?—J. S. C. Fair Lawn, N. J. The colt may be taught to eat a little wheat bran and oats mixed together; the sooner it learns to eat a little food besides its mother's milk the easier it will be weaned, and there should be no hurry in weaning it before five months old. But it should learn to take this food very gradually, and if the owner has plenty of cow's milk, a few weeks before weaning let it take a little sweet skim-milk mixed with bran. But the skim-milk is not essential. When he weans the colt he may also mix in a tablespoonful of linseed oil meal with each feed. This will prevent constipation and keep its digestive organs in good order. Bran, oats and oil meal are well calculated to grow the muscles and give good healthy bone in the development of the colt. When the colt is weaned, the grain food should be mixed with a little moistened cut hay, and then the day's rations might be as follows: 1¼ lbs. of fine wheat bran, 1 lb. of ground oats, ½ lb. of linseed meal mixed with 1 lb. of moistened cut hay. Of course as the colt grows this ration should be gradually increased. It is not necessary, although better, that the oats should be ground. If more convenient they can be mixed in with the other food. A colt skillfully fed upon this ration will develop very evenly in all its parts—a matter of great importance. The precise age of this colt at castration cannot be given. It should not be done before proper development of the chest, as castration is supposed to retard chest and shoulder development—most important in the sustained action of the trotting horse. Castration of fast-driving horses should not be done before a year old, and not then unless well developed. Eighteen months, and sometimes two years, may be required to produce the proper development. And it is better done in mild spring or moderate fall weather, when flies are not troublesome.

Peppermint Culture.

From the *Orange Judd Farmer*: The raising of peppermint for the manufacture of oil is an important industry in Wayne county, New York. The plants are set out in May, in rows two feet apart, and grow to be about two feet high by August, when they are cut off close to the roots with a scythe and cured in the sun like hay for about twelve hours. The extracting of the oil is done by professed distillers, who are paid by a toll, or by farmers themselves in stills of their own. The still is a wooden vat about four feet high by six in diameter. In this the mint is packed close by treading, covered with an air-tight lid and subjected to the action of steam forced in from the bottom. The oil is volatilized by the steam and condensed in a worm, the mixed oil and water collected in a receiver, and separated by specific gravity. It is said that there are a hundred public stills in Wayne county, and it is locally believed that nine-tenths of all the oil of peppermint used in the world comes from this particular region.

WHAT THE FARMERS SAY

In Answer to The Blade's Questions on "Farmers' Ills"—Some Interesting Letters.

In order to ascertain from "first hands"—the farmers themselves—the real condition of the agricultural class, the Weekly BLADE has asked its farmer subscribers to answer, very briefly, the following questions:

1.—What is the condition of the farmers in your vicinity—are they meeting expenses, making money, or losing it?

2.—How many, in every 10, in your judgment, are mortgaged? Were these mortgages given for improvements, to pay for the land, or to raise money to live upon?

3.—Where the farmers are running behind, is it the result of bad management, poor crops, or low prices and high freight rates, or all of them?

4.—What is the judgment of the farmers of your community as to the relief possible by legislation? What should the state legislature do in the way of giving relief, and what should Congress do?

5.—What are the principal crops of your vicinity? Is the climate adapted to the raising of other crops, which would be more profitable? And if so, what?

Below is given an instalment of the answers thus far received in response to these queries:

Abilene, Dickinson Co., Kansas.

1.—Barely meeting expenses, owing to failures in corn crops. Last year we had a good crop, but 50 cents for wheat and 10 to 12 for corn makes it hard to meet expenses.

2.—Six in every ten are mortgaged, and were given to pay for land and improvements.

3.—Poor crops, low prices and high freights.

4.—But little from the state Legislature. Much from Congress. Coinages of silver, with national banks, free coinage of silver and the issuing of government bonds and silver certificates to take their place. Then the government loan to individuals on real estate security at a low rate of interest. Gold, silver and bonds to be equal in paying all dues, both government and private, so we may have our financial system more regular and not have such contractions and expansions. Then we could make our arrangements with some certainty of meeting obligations.

Equal rights to all and special privileges to none is our motto.—I. L. H.

Randall, Jewell Co., Kan.

For these last five years on an average, are not making their expenses. No money made on a stand still.

2.—I will be very safe to say that six out of every ten are mortgaged. Some were mortgaged by improvements and some to pay for the land, and sometimes where a man had to hire all his help, his taxes and expenses paid, had to be mortgaged to live.

3.—Hare times and bad management is the result of low prices and high freight rates, and the worst of all is high interest.

4.—As for relief let the farmers have money from the government on farm loans, as it is loaned to the railroads, at 4 per cent.

5.—The principal crops of Jewell county are wheat, corn and oats. We know of no more adapted to the vicinity, and as a county coming to the legislature it would only be for lower interest, and that we do humbly beg for.

Altoona, Wilson County, Kansas.

1.—Condition of farmers good; making some money; paying off past indebtedness.

2.—About four of every ten mortgaged; mortgages given for payment of land, a very few given to make improvements, none to raise money to live upon, as the farmers have plenty to eat, and that which is good.

3.—Greatest complaint from low prices and high freight rates.

4.—That Congress should pass per diem service pension, free coinage of silver, and regulate interstate commerce. State legislature should pass a stringent law against usurious interest.

5.—Corn, wheat, oats, flax, castor beans. Climate adapted to almost any crop.—J. W. F.

Nance, Phillips Co., Kan.

1.—The farmer gets a loan to improve his place and help out the short living of the past season, and then he needs a little to help out the second year, and by the third year there's almost a total failure of the poor fellow has a calf or hogs to pay interest and taxes with, he is all right, and he goes on eating his corn bread and milk, happy thinking the taxes and interest is paid once more, and the next year is the same thing, until his creditors close him out.

If there was some way advised to lessen the rate per cent if would be a help to us.

There is a perfect failure of the small grain, and every farmer says, "If we do not have rain within a few days, my corn is lost, too."

The principal crop is corn. Rye is a very good crop. Not half the farmers can obtain seed. I think the poor farmers will be obliged to lose their farms if this failure goes on much longer.—C. M. C.

Brashear, Adair Co., Mo.

1.—There may be one in ten that is making a little more than expenses; about four in ten are barely making expenses, and the balance are going back.

2.—About five in ten are mortgaged, mostly to pay for the land; in some cases to live upon.—J. S. McF.

Garrett, Douglas Co., Illinois.

1.—That some farmers are about making expenses; but the renters, the majority went back last season, on account of low prices for their products.

2.—Six out ten mortgaged; most of them given for security for the balance due on their farms. But from the low prices of farm products, some here failed, and others had to remortgage, and if prices do not advance they will have to continue to mortgage. This state passed a ditch law compelling the farmers that come in the ditch district to pay an enormous ditch tax, which has compelled some to mortgage their farms to pay this tax.

3.—I would say some poor management and low prices; and what they have to buy is so much higher in proportion, then the farmer sells for. One cause of low prices—too many middle men, and too many have to get a profit. What the farmer has to buy, (which F. M. B. A., Farmers' Mutual Benefit association will cut a few off) will come more direct from the manufacturer. This order has struck a tidal wave all through the West, and is spreading like wildfire.

4.—Not able to answer.

5.—Corn, oats, wheat, broom-corn, seem to be the crops for this part.—A. M. H.

Gilman, Marshall Co., Iowa.

1.—I think the farmers in this section of Iowa, as a rule, are making money, at least more than meeting expenses.

2.—Not over three in every ten farms are mortgaged, and these mortgages were given to pay for the land.

3.—What few farmers there are that are running behind, is caused by poor management and high freight rates. This section never raises poor crops which always bring a fair price.

4.—The farmers in this community think that if these "trusts and monopolies" were done away with (of which they hear so much and do not understand), they would receive better prices and a greater demand for their produce.

5.—The principal crops raised here are oats and corn, and a small quantity of rye and barley. This section, (some eight or ten years ago) raised excellent wheat, but does not now.

This section would raise (more rye and barley) flax, hemp and timothy, but farmers do not care to raise such, but all put in large crops of corn and oats, hence their grumbling about low prices, all of which they themselves are the chief cause.—F. P. D.

Mount Union, Huntington Co., Pa.

1.—The average of the farmers in this county are holding their own; less the fall in real estate 50 per cent caused by railroad discrimination in freights, in favor of Western producers.

2.—Five out of every ten are mortgaged, for buying and improving in the most of the cases.

3.—High freight rates have depreciated the agricultural pursuits in general, and crowding some under the sheriff's hammer.

4.—The state legislature should equalize taxes between all classes; at present real estate pays on an average 19 mills on the dollar, while monopolies only pay 3 mills, or real estate pays about $13,000,000, they should not, and Congress should give the farmer the benefits of tariff equal to the manufacturers. We believe tariff for both, or if the farmer must stand free trade, then we have no right to have to consume protected manufactured wares, etc.

5.—Principal crops: corn, wheat, oats, rye and grass; there are some sorghum, buckwheat, potatoes, etc.—W. S. S.

Pittsford, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

1.—There never was a time in the history of Michigan when the majority of farmers owed so well and lived so well and have all the comforts of life as the present time. Log houses and barns have given away to large and substantial houses and barns, good orchards, etc.

2.—Perhaps three or four out of ten mostly to pay the purchase price for land bought.

3.—Bad management and a slovenly way of farming, there never was a better time for farmers that are not in debt, and also for the laboring classes if they would save their wages and drink less whisky and beer and let the cigars alone. We can buy goods of every description now for less than we could a few years ago with labor then at from from 50 to 75 cents per day, I know this to be a fact for I have lived through all these years.

4.—The majority of the farmers favors protection not only from foreign goods but also from this gambling in wheat and all other combinations and trust.

5.—Wheat, corn, oats, hay, potatoes and raising sheep, cattle and swine.—M. R.

Sheffield, Franklin Co., Iowa.

1.—A man here with a large family, while the children are small, cannot "make money" until they are old enough to help him. And if they never do help, but leave home as soon as they are old enough to work, he is too discouraged to try to. I believe fully one-half of the farmers at the age of 50 or 60, have a mortgage hanging over them. It is an exceptional younger man who is "clear" of a farm mortgage. A sharp business man who has a wife equally as industrious and saving, willing to do without a doctor and dress cheaply, making them herself, and so on, can usually get out of debt on 120 or 160 acres by the time he is 40 or 45, if he hasn't more than three children, and they are healthy. If his horses don't die, if he has good health himself, and if, if, if.

2.—I honestly believe eight out of ten are mortgaged; the money originally given in first purchasing the land, and been added to during hard times to pay small debts, such as farming expenses (seldom household expenses), to harden improvements, except fences and wells, unless we know how it can be paid.

3.—All combined, (and sickness).

4.—The lowest allowed prices of meats should be fixed by law, for instance, beef should never be sold for less than two cents for fat cows and four for steers. Legislature should forbid buyers and butchers to pay less than those and a half cents for fat hogs. Local butchers should be fined for selling in retail above a fixed price, then more meat would be consumed by working families, creating a larger market for the so-called "surplus."

When there is an "over-production" it should be left in the farmers' hands, then the farmers would *believe* there was such a thing and try to remedy the matter, and *would* remedy it. As it is, he does not believe it.

5.—We raise almost a little of everything except wheat; it will not do here any more, where it used to be the crop. All raise some hogs, and on a farm of 120 or 160 acres there is not much corn sold, but always some oats. We know of no other crops to raise.—G. F. K.

Hull, Banner Co., Neb.

1.—Farmers are not meeting expenses.

2.—Nine out of every ten are mortgaged, to pay for land improvements.

3.—Poor crops, high freight rates, low prices, high rates of interest, 4, 6, 8, from 50 per cent per annum to 3 per cent per month.

4.—Legislature should reduce rate of interest, also freight rates. Congress should pass the silver bill, service pension bill, and break up trusts and corporations.

5.—Our climate is best adapted to stock raising, but corn, oats and wheat are grown. Small shippers of cattle can not compete with larger shippers on account of the difference in freight rates. The difference is from 10 per cent to 25 per cent. Our country is but just opened up, and large stockmen have the advantage.—W. J. M.

Harrison, Winnebago Co., Ill.

1.—About average with other occupations; not making money; just holding their own by their energy in their own labor.

2.—Less than two; more land and improvements.

3.—Several years should be taken in consideration so as to combine "good" and "poor" years; bad management, or extravagance, or both, on the part of those who are continually losing, providing, of course, for sickness.

4.—Protection to the producing interests to the exclusion of foreign productions; reciprocity with nations for what we can not produce, and as much farther as will benefit us; stimulate the consumption of agricultural products by manufacturing.

5.—Corn, wheat, oats, rye, grass, small fruits, broom corn; best climate for the above.—F. S.

Saline, Mercer Co., Mo.

1.—Some are meeting expenses, some on a stand and some losing ground.

2.—About 7 in 10. Mostly for purchase money. Some to stock the farm when stock was high, and had to sell when stock was down.

3.—On account of low prices and high freights. Got in debt under inflation and can't pay out under depreciation of currency.

4.—Less tax and more money in circulation, and we will come out all right.

5.—All kinds of grain, grass and stock, and there is nothing else we can make pay, notwithstanding the low price of cattle.—J. S. T.

Gering, Cheyenne Co., Neb.

1.—There are none that have met expenses in the last four years for the reason that they have raised nothing. A

2.—About eight in every ten that have proved up; the money was used to pay for their land, some to leave the country, and the rest of them have had to live on the rest that they had after paying for their land.

3.—Entire failures on account of drouth.

4.—There is only one remedy and that is irrigation, and that from the government, for they are not able to do it themselves, or they will be compelled to leave the country.

5.—The soil is good. There can be most anything raised that can be raised in any Northern state if we could have a proper amount of rain. If Congress would make some appropriation and not do so much talking it would be better for us.—J. S. L.

Jamesport, Daviess Co., Mo.

1.—Good; making money, those that work and are not grumblers.

2.—For land and improvements.

3.—None seem behind that I know of.

4.—The legislature might break the school book monopoly; would release us more than to reduce the tariff.

5.—Corn, grass, oats, wheat, rye, etc.

This is the best part of Missouri, and is represented by A. M. Dockery, who is harping so much about the poor farmer being in debt, so there is no greater mistake. There is not one in twenty but is making money and are contented, and have the finest prospects for crops for years.—W. H.

Randolph, Cedar County, Nebraska.

The region lying west of Sioux City in North-eastern Nebraska, the recent introduction of railroads from Omaha and Sioux City has tended to a rapid settlement of the fertile lands, on the Logan river valley in Wayne and Cedar counties some forty miles west of Sioux City. The Pacific Short Line, or the railroad from Sioux City to Ogden, Utah, is about completed to O'Neil, Neb.—125 miles. The remainder, 830 miles, is under contract to be speedily built to Ogden, thus forming a new and very short transcontinental line. This fact may, in part, account for the favorable view I can give of farming and farming in Northeastern Nebraska. The main dependence here has been in corn, cattle and hogs; but as many new farms have been opened there has been an enlarged area put into wheat and flax. Those who had to sell their oats, wheat and corn last fall at the then low prices, of course did not make a fortune, and those who did stouch work had much to say about hard times. Prices have decidedly advanced, and now, with a noble prospect for all small grain, grass and corn our farmers generally are full of hope. I will give an instance of a farmer who, on last year's crop, paid for his farm and all expenses in the first crop. Thomas Lound, near Winside, Wayne County, Neb., bought 160 acres in 1888, and plowed it all up; in 1889 raised it in wheat, oats and millet. His crop was:

3,475 bushels of wheat sold at 53 cents, or	$1,841 75
1,047 bushels of oats sold at 15 cents	157 05
30 tons of millet, worth	100 00
Total	$2,098 05

Our farmers on new land generally get from eight to ten bushels of flax seed per acre, worth last fall $1, and this spring $1.75 per bushel. J. W. Linkhart & Co. broke 110 acres adjoining Randolph, Neb., and on it got thirteen bushels per acre, and sold it in Sioux City at $1.11 per bushel, or a net profit of some $9 or $10 per acre. L. W. Oxford got 17½ bushels per acre. You may well imagine an immense area is put in flax this year. It is said that 40,000 acres are sown along the Short Line on newly broken sod in Cedar county alone. There is quite a German settlement in the southwest part of Wayne county, Neb., in a very prosperous condition. A large portion of those people came in very poor, some seventeen years ago. They took homesteads. Had to bear the hardships of grasshoppers, and then no railroad connection with markets for ten years, but now they have fine farms, well improved. Nice groves, and a good stock of cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry; also complete outfits of farm machinery, and good houses and barns. One of these had, on his arrival in Wayne county, Neb., only 25 cents and what he had in his wagon.

Loan agents, machinery agents, in a haste to be rich, will account for much of the distress, styled hard times. Machinery left in the field to rust and rot, buying stock on credit at *10 per cent*, have also helped to bring hard times to some. Attending to do more than can be done seasonably and well, is the reason why others do not prosper.—J. M. Strahan, of Wayne county, raised 70,000 bushels of corn and 4,000 head of cattle and hogs, and he makes farming pay. A neighbor, in debt, trys his hand by buying a poor lot of cattle on credit and buys corn in the spring, and comes out at a loss.

Over forty years ago I was a pioneer in a rich county in Central Illinois. We had then hard times indeed. There were no markets near. No railroads to carry produce out. A 50 to 100 miles wagon haul did not leave much on 50 cent wheat, and pay in very uncertain currency. Corn at 6¼ cents, and next to no sale at home; calico 15 to 20 cents; salt $8 a barrel; very little fruit; next to no money in circulation; over to Iowa a quarter section to go to pay the $200 at the United States land office; mails infrequent; postage 25 cents and some well-to-do farmers obliged to wait weeks to get that much to take a letter from the office; store bills paid largely in dressed pork at $1.50 per hundred. Then too the malarial fevers, the bitter medicine, the doctor's bills, the fields often but partially harvested owing to general sickness. Now how changed. Good health, mills, plows and harvesters, markets at our doors, gold and silver for all farm products; fruits and luxuries cheap and abundant; daily mails, called houses, carpets, sewing machines, parlor organs, etc., etc. Who is it that is shouting hard times? Principally the politicians, the unthrifty and those who in flush times run headlong into debt.—J. A. B.

Glasco, Cloud Co., Kansas.

1.—What the conditions in your vicinity? Are they making or losing money? Are they meeting expenses? I can not speak only for myself to these questions. I have made no money. I raised 7,000 bushels of corn, and if I had hired it all done at fair wages, I would have been about even. I packed over $350 after it was marketed. As the work was all done by members of my family; we necessarily starved ourselves in food, clothing and necessaries just that much.

2.—How many are mortgaged? Nine and one-half-tenths are mortgaged. I know this, as I have taken that census in the past two months, to keep up with the late United States census in that particular.

3.—Is the result caused by bad management where they are running behind? No. I am living in an intelligent community. They are good farmers. I have lived here two years. The people are not in any way connected with me.

4.—What relief by legislation? The platform adopted at St. Louis, last section, is the prevailing opinion of the farmers that would bring relief. My opinion is about the same with this addition: stop taxing farmers to help certain manufacturers to carry on a losing business; well sell our produce in the market of the world. Consequently protection on eggs does not make my hens cackle any oftener nor any louder. Also more money; we have not enough money in circulation to pay one year's interest on private debts if it all had to be paid in one day.

5.—The prevailing crops are wheat and corn and oats. The climate is not adapted as much to other crops, else more of would be raised instead of these. One other crop I forgot to mention is mortgages. They seem to be very prolific here as elsewhere in the state, and not only in this state but in Ohio as well, and not only real estate but chattel also. There is no failure in harvest time on this latter crop; it is sure yield every time and does not wear the land like the other crops.)—C. W. G.

Bolton Landing, Warren Co., N. Y.

1.—Much better off than in 1880 or 1870.

2.—Fully four-fifths are mortgaged.

3.—Results from laziness and rum shops, and so much thrown away for tobacco.

4.—Congress should keep a protective tariff on wool, make a law forbidding people to treat each other in public, and make it a crime for a minor to be seen using tobacco in any form.

5.—Grass, oats, potatoes and corn and buckwheat. Boarding houses for city guests are another curse to the farmers, as many young men go there a few weeks, and just in the time of the farming work.—W. H. H. D., Bolton Landing, N. Y.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Makes Delicious Lemonade.

A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.

UNPARALLELED HISTORY.

How the American People Pay Off Their Debts.

A statement of the debt extinguishment of our country since the war never ceases to be impressive. It reflects not only the growth, but the patriotism and prosperity of our people as no other statistical exhibit does. The mere fact is startling that 25 years ago, less than a generation, the public debt was $2,756,000,000, entailing an annual interest charge of $151,000,000, and it is now only $821,000,000, and the interest charge is but $29,500,000.

The face of the debt has decreased to one-third its maximum size, while the interest charge has decreased to one-fifth its highest amount, owing to refunding at the constantly declining rates of interest.

In the past ten years a large proportion of the debt has been extinguished. At the time of the 1880 census the public debt was $1,919,000,000, and the interest charge was $79,500,000, so that in a decade the debt has been reduced $908,000,000, or say $1,000,000,000.

It will thus be seen that if the country remains prosperous and continues to be well governed it will be likely possible to extinguish the entire remaining public debt in the next ten years, so that the people of the United States could, if they chose, enter upon the twentieth century with a net surplus in the treasury. It has been the historic fiscal policy of our country to pay off its debt; we presume it will continue to be.

The present census will show 65,000,000 people in the United States, in all probability, and this will figure a debt at the present time of only $14 per inhabitant, which is small, while the interest charge of $29,417,738 entails a tax of less than 50 cents per year per inhabitant.

Our readers will see from this how slight a burden the national debt is in comparison with the real taxation of the people, which is local taxation, ranging all the way from $9 to $19 per 1,000. The problems which confront this generation of Americans are not those of poverty, certainly.—[Boston Daily Advertiser.

MY GOOD CIGAR.

My good cigar! Nicotian weed,
Can aught thy blandishments exceed?
Can mortal wear more pleasant yoke
Than that hid in thy steel gray cloak?
Can pains and ills from it proceed?

Let priests of every church and creed
For smokers pray, with smokers plead.
Yet day-dreams bright I most thou invoke;
My good cigar.

In thy gray clouds my fancies feed,
My wearied thoughts take refreshed speed.
Let cynics frown and curse and choke
Whene'er they smell tobacco smoke.
Naught that they give can supersede
My good cigar.

—[William G. Eggleston.

Sarcastic.

"Now, my friend, what will you do with all that money?" said an old gentleman to a tramp to whom he had given a nickel.

Tramp (gazing at the coin)—Well, I guess I'll go to the races and bet some of it. If I lose I reckon I'll spend the summer at Asbury park instead of going to Saratoga.—[Texas Siftings.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York

Remember That

In all cases, where a mild but thoroughly effective aperient is needed, Ayer's Pills are the best. They improve the appetite, restore healthy action to the bowels, and regulate the liver. No pill is in greater demand or more frequently recommended by the profession.

"Ayer's Pills are in general demand among our customers. Our sales of them exceed those of all other pills combined. We have never known them fail to give entire satisfaction."—Wright & Hannelly, San Diego, Texas.

"For a long time I was a sufferer from stomach, liver, and kidney troubles, experiencing much difficulty in digestion, with severe pains in the lumbar region and other parts of the body. Having tried a variety of remedies, including warm baths, with only temporary relief, about three months ago I began the use of Ayer's Pills, and already my health is so much improved that I gladly testify to the superior merits of this medicine."—Manoel Jorge Pereira, Oporto, Portugal.

"I am never without a box of Ayer's Pills in the house."—Mrs. Edwin Bartow, 425 Bristol st., Buffalo, N. Y.

"I have used Ayer's Pills a number of years for liver troubles, and have always been greatly benefited by the use of this medicine."—Jos. Y. Metty, South Rockwood, Michigan.

AYER'S PILLS ARE THE Best Cathartic.

"Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills, and I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. For over two years past I have taken one of these pills every night. I would not be without them."—George W. Bowman, 26 East Main st., Carlisle, Pa

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1890.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 101,000.

FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

The coming campaign for the election of members of the Fifty-second Congress will be a most exciting and important one. "Our friends the enemy"—the Democratic free trade party—is ready to promise anything in order to obtain a majority in the House, that it may tie the hands of the administration, stop any further general pension legislation, and deal a blow, if possible, at the protective system.

We propose to make the Weekly BLADE just such a paper as the people need in the discussion of the issues upon which that campaign will turn in every state in the Union. We shall discuss **the Tariff** fully and exhaustively; we shall have our say on the **Pension Question**; and we shall, especially, devote much attention to the **Farmers' Interests**, by discussing the difficulties with which they are environed, especially in the West, and the different methods proposed for its relief. No American farmer can afford to be without THE BLADE during this campaign, for it will fearlessly advocate his cause.

In brief, THE BLADE will be made just such a paper as Republican campaign committees will want the voters to read—will treat of the topics that will be all-important in deciding the Congressional contest, in all the states.

We will give to clubs and campaign committees terms for THE BLADE during the campaign that will put its price down to the cost of white paper. **Write to us for campaign terms!**

PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES.

We give to-day a synopsis, with the original portraits, of an article from that lively Republican sheet, the New York *Press*, on Republican Presidential timber. Had we been making a selection of the nine most prominent Republicans within the range of possibility as candidate for the 1892 nomination, we probably would have named two or three not in the *Press's* list. The omission of President HARRISON is explained in the introductory part of the article, and is based on the unconfradicted rumor of his intention not to be a candidate for a second term.

Of the nine named, but one is yet announced frankly as being in the field—Senator CULLOM. The indications in Ohio point to a renewal of SHERMAN'S candidature for the nomination, and the same thing is true of ALLISON and General ALGER. The one man whose attitude is of supreme interest is BLAINE. Should he step into the field, a different complexion would be put upon the contest. But 1892 is two years off, and many things yet undreamed of may happen meanwhile to make or mar the chances of any one of these gentlemen.

THEY ARE ALL GONE.

Every copy of the picture, "The Horse Fair," is gone. Don't send any more orders for it, as we can not fill them, as we shall not get a new supply. But send in your orders for THE BLADE; we are always ready and always happy to supply any one who wants the best and cheapest family newspaper published.

The Republican party is a pledge-keeper. In its national platform in 1888, a number of promises as to legislation were made; the people accepted them, and elected a Republican majority in the House to enact them into laws, and a Republican President to execute those laws. The list of pledges thus kept is already a long one, and we quote from the New York *Press* the following lists. The first is of Republican pledges kept by the House:

1. Tariff bill.
2. Federal elections bill.
3. Silver bill.
4. Anti-trust bill.
5. Disability pension bill.
6. Administrative customs bill.
7. Territorial admission bill.
8. Battle-ships bill.

Republican pledges kept by the Senate:

1. Silver bill.
2. Anti-trust bill.
3. Disability pension bill.
4. Administrative customs bill.
5. Postal subsidy bill.
6. Tonnage bounty bill.
7. Territorial admission bill.
8. Battle-ships bill.

Next!

It's rather peculiar that if the Democratic papers think it would be political suicide for the Republicans to pass the federal election bill, they should all so violently oppose such action. One would naturally think these Democratic sheets would gloat over the prospect of their opponent's death by its own hand. The truth is the Democrats know that such a measure would be the death knell of their own party, for it would give the Republicans in the South an opportunity to vote and have their votes counted.

THE death of Hon. EUGENE SCHUYLER, United States consul general at Cairo, Egypt, is a distinct loss to the literary world, as well as to the government service. An accomplished scholar, a master of the subtleties of international law, and a writer of the higher class, he will be missed in many ways and by many people.

TILLMAN, the Farmers' Alliance candidate in South Carolina, expresses the belief that the Bourbons will murder him before the campaign is over. We should not be surprised to hear of such a crime; for men who for years have trampled on the constitutional rights of a majority of the people of that state, will not stop at murder to compass their political ends.

DEMOCRATIC papers are now quoting the utterances of ex-Senator THURMAN upon the present attitude of political powers, and praising the old wheel horse of their party for his wisdom, his boldness and his patriotism. And yet these same papers passed him by with but scant mention when he was made the tail to Mr. CLEVELAND'S kite in the last Presidential campaign.

Send in the names of your Republican and farmer friends who do not take The Blade, that we may mail to them sample copies.

ALCOHOLIC INSANITY.

That insanity is often due to alcoholic excess—to drunkenness on the part of the victim—has been often stated; and THE BLADE has, on several occasions in the past, given facts and figures to prove it. The fact, of the alarming increase in the percentage of the insane to the total population has often been shown, both in this country and abroad. The latest published researches upon this subject are those of Dr. PAUL GARNIER, a noted physician of Paris. He declares that during the past fifteen years insanity has increased in that city at a terrible rate. In 1872 the number of insane cases recorded by the police was 3,080. In 1888, the number of cases for the year was 4,449—an increase of one-third. The total number of cases of insanity occurring in Paris, from 1872 to the end of the year 1888, was 62,572, of which 34,802 were men and 27,770 were women.

What causes have operated to produce this remarkable increase in the annual number of those who have become insane? Dr. GARNIER ascribes it to two factors—the use of Rum, and overwork of the brain. The cases of insanity from other causes, he asserts, remains stationary from one year to another. It is only from mental overwork and from intemperance that the frightful increase comes. He notes that within the fifteen years which his investigations cover that the number of alcoholic insane has doubled among men, and more than doubled among women. This points to an enormous increase in the relative number of Rum-drinkers among women.

It is a fact to be noted also, Dr. GARNIER says, that the two causes—overwork of the brain and the habit of intoxication—are closely related. The prevalence of progressive paralysis, an incurable form which results from mental overwork, is not accounted for solely by cerebral conditions, but is closely linked to intemperance. And he concludes his article by declaring that "alcohol is the chief purveyor for the insane asylums, and is the enemy against which we must defend ourselves. Alcoholic alienation seems constantly to assume more violent forms, and to more and more attack the life of its victims."

We have no doubt that the melancholy condition existing in Paris regarding the relation of Rum to insanity prevails to a greater or less extent in this country. No first-class medical authority upon insanity in America has ever, to our knowledge, made an exhaustive study of the causes of insanity here, and the relation Rum bears to the acknowledged increase in the proportion of insane. The ratio of patients per thousand of population is steadily increasing. And it is altogether probable, with our rushing American life, especially in cities, that cases of insanity occurring from brain-work and alcohol combined, are quite as frequent in proportion as they are in Paris.

It is a fact known to every physician in extensive practice that cases of progressive paralysis are becoming steadily more frequent. According to Dr. GARNIER, this disease can be caused by Rum and mental overwork. Hence brain-workers who meddle with Rum are exposed to a double danger—to insanity on the one hand and to an incurable form of paralysis on the other. Both are terrible afflictions, and the double risk should be grave enough to make one pause when entreated to drink.

The increase of insanity is so great, even in this country, that Dr. GARNIER'S conclusions are entitled to the earnest consideration of the people; for it is through their action that a remedy is to be found. When this remarkable increase is proved to be due to but two causes—Rum-drinking and mental overwork; when the cases of insanity arising from the latter are shown to be largely among those who also use Rum—it is not hard to decide that Rum is responsible for by far the greater portion of the increase. It is impossible to legislate so as to prevent over-exertion of the mental powers; but it is entirely possible and practicable to legislate against Rum.

When the fact is considered that the care of the insane imposes a heavy burden of taxation upon the state; that the number of patients is rapidly enlarging, thus increasing the burden; and that this increase is almost entirely due to the use of Rum, an economic question of the first importance is presented to the taxpayers. And when we consider the burden of the maintenance of the paupers, made so by Rum; of the felons in our penitentiaries, made such by Rum; of the heavy expenses of maintaining prisoners in jails and workhouses, the offenses which bring them there being largely due to Rum; is it not clear, that, as a means of reducing taxation—not to speak of any higher motive, and saying nothing of the moral aspect of the case—that it is the duty of every tax-payer to vote for Prohibition, and thus stop the manufacture and sale of Rum, stop the resultant expenses, and

Pulverize the Rum Power?

THE Wilson "original package" bill, as passed by the Senate, provided that liquor imported from one state into another should cease to be regarded as amenable to the Inter-state commerce law as soon as it reached its destination within a state. The House Judiciary committee has amended that bill so as to make it applicable to all articles whatsoever. The effect of the House amendments will be to declare all articles of commerce within the control of a state as soon as they reach their destination, and they may not be sold within that state in the original package or otherwise in violation of state laws. Provision is made against discrimination by particular states in favor of articles produced within those states, and care has been taken to prevent the measure from authorizing anything like state prohibition of inter-state commerce or the virtual levying of duties by one state upon the products of another. In this shape it is probable, having passed the House, it will be accepted by the Senate.

THERE is a steady increase in our iron exports, especially to Canada. So marked is this increase that it is attracting attention in England. The London *Iron and Steel Trades Journal* refers to it thus:

It is evident that British pig-iron is not excluded from the Canadian market by native competition. For supplies of forge iron Canadian manufacturers have long since sought deliveries from the United States, and were content to fall back upon Scotland for the best foundry iron, but this trade is also going from us to the States. Ten years ago, in the first months of 1880 we exported 22,031 tons of pig-iron to Canada. In the first four months of the current year the shipments have been only 992 tons.

THE Democratic papers are all giving great prominence to the rumor that JOHN SHERMAR will retire from political life at the expiration of his present term. They cannot conceal their satisfaction over it, and it is more than probable that the wish was father to the rumor. We have no idea that Mr. SHERMAN contemplates any such step; and the inside indications negative it.

HERE is an idea regarding the federal election bill which is worth study, from the *Ohio State Journal*:

Said an old soldier yesterday: "I shed my blood and suffered to put the later amendments in the constitution; but what good do they do there if the government is too cowardly to enforce them?"

FARMERS' ILLS.

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR RELIEF?

The Blade Desires to Hear From the Farmers Themselves Upon the Subject of Their Troubles.

There is a great deal of distress among the farmers of the country. The prices of their products is low, and many of them find it not only impossible to make any profit, but actually to meet their expenses. Many have mortgages on their farms, and find it impossible to lift them. There has been a great deal of wild talk on the general subject for several months past, and THE BLADE would like to know the truth.

We recognize the fact that agriculture stands at the foundation of national prosperity, and that unless the farmers are doing well the nation at large cannot flourish. THE BLADE has always steadily championed all measures that it believed to be for the well-being of the agricultural community, and it proposes to try to find out, from the farmers themselves, what is the matter, and what measures, in their judgment, will aid them.

We ask our farmer friends to write us letters, *as short as possible*, answering the following questions:

1.—What is the condition of the farmers in your vicinity—are they meeting expenses, making money, or losing it?

2.—How many in every 10, in your judgment, are mortgaged? Were these mortgages given for improvements, to pay for the land, or to raise money to live upon?

3.—Where the farmers are running behind, is it the result of bad management, poor crops, or low prices and high freight rates, or all of them?

4.—What is the judgment of the farmers of your community as to the relief possible by legislation? What should the state legislature do in the way of giving relief, and what should Congress do?

5.—What are the principal crops of your vicinity? Is the climate adapted to the raising of other crops, which would be more profitable? And if so, what?

Please make your replies as short as you can. We want them, primarily, for our own information; but we shall publish a selection of them, taking those that are representative of the views of others writing from the same section, so that our readers may be able to judge of these important matters for themselves. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," and in the lower left-hand corner write "Farmers' Column." Do *not* address them to the "Farmstead."

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The outlook in New York is that money will be very plenty in the financial centers this fall. Already there is a greater readiness to loan on long time, and at reasonable rates. Though the gold export to Europe last year were $1,722,000, and the drift of money toward New York from the country, especially from the West, was less free, the recent silver legislation is felt to be certain to provide abundant money, and no one looks for any spasm in the market. All the indications in New York financial circles point to active fall business all over the country, and a free demand for money, but a good supply to meet it; the increase in the currency which the silver bill will give, and the placing of the national bank note redemption fund in the general balance of the Treasury, thus rendering it available to be placed in circulation, assures an abundance.

The New York *Financial Chronicle*, speaking of this matter, says the secretary of the Treasury will have no difficulty in getting the accumulated excess of money in the treasury, including the $55,000,000 redemption fund and the current surplus, into circulation, because of the large appropriations made by Congress. Here is a point that is worth considering by the people, especially those of the West, who want more money in circulation. The accumulation of money in the treasury takes it out of business channels, and thus aids in producing a scarcity of loanable funds, and a consequent increase of the interest rate. But no money can be taken out of the Treasury except "in consequence of appropriations made by law," says the constitution; the present Congress has made liberal appropriations, all for proper and worthy objects, like the new pension bill; and thus, by paying the money out of the Treasury, adds to the amount in circulation, and keeps interest down—which are of importance to the Western farmers especially. But the Democrats are shouting "extravagance," "reckless expenditure," and similar things, intended to delude the ignorant and unthinking. Do they want the money kept locked up, to produce distress and high interest?

The interest rate in New York last week for call loans ranged between 6 and 2 per cent, averaging about 4½ per cent, which was the renewal rate. Time loans were easier, being 4½ per cent for 90 days to 4 months, and 5@5½ per cent for 5 or 6 months. Money continues high in London, being 4½ per cent for 60 to 90 days. The rate on call loans at Paris was 2½ per cent, and 3¾ at Berlin and Frankfort.

THE Republican majority in the Senate was safe enough for the next ten years without the help which Idaho and Wyoming can furnish, but with that help nothing but the political day of judgment can prevail against it.—[Brooklyn Eagle.

Right, and the political day of judgment will increase the Republican majority not only in the Senate but in the House as well. The election of '88 was the political day of judgment for the Democratic party. It had been tried and found wanting and the verdict of the American people was, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting darkness."

"ALL we ask is that in national matters the majority of voters in this country may rule. Why should any Southern man object to this? Under what possible pretense can it be claimed that certain states should send representatives to Washington on the basis of a vote which is not allowed to be cast? Suppose your claim to govern yourselves under any violation of law be sound, on what do you ground your claim to govern up in the same fashion?"—*Speaker Thomas B. Reed.*

WE have hitherto neglected to note the last issue of the *American Art Printer*, a bi-monthly trade journal which, as its title implies, is devoted to the typographic art and kindred industries. It is a most valuable magazine for every one interested in the printing business in any of its diverse branches, and its typographical excellence is a marvel. It is published by C. E. BARTHOLOMEW, 22 College place, New York.

THE people of Leland, Iowa, have adopted a novel, but vigorous, plan for keeping out vendors of "original package" whisky. They have declared it unlawful to sell intoxicating liquors of any kind in Leland, and that "any person violating this ordinance shall be tarred, feathered and cowhided out of the village." This will prove much more effective than fine or imprisonment.

THE OHIO CONVENTION.

The Republican state convention at Cleveland was an emphatic success. It nominated an excellent ticket, its deliberations were not marred by any animosities, and the olive-branch was proffered to the minority who are responsible for all the rows that have divided the party. Ex-Governor FORAKER'S speech as temporary chairman was a frank and manly appeal for peace—coming, too, from the only man who is in a position to extend the hand of a peace-maker. For it can not be denied that an overwhelming majority of the Republicans of Ohio are emphatically Foraker men; and when an ill-advised effort is made to draw the line against the ex-governor they promptly array themselves under his banner.

Hence we say, he is the only man who is in a position to declare peace. The opposition to him which fails to obtain endorsement of the party in the make-up of the present convention, is not in a position to do so, save to beg it on bended knees. The victor can well be magnanimous, and offer "peace without dishonor." And that is precisely what FORAKER'S splendid speech at Cleveland did. His appeal was one which must be answered by deeds—by prompt falling into line and working heartily for the party success this fall. The man who does not respond to the stirring appeal is certainly not worthy the name of a Republican.

The platform stands upon solid Republican ground. It indorses the natio na platform, enumerates the Congressional legislation, completed and pending, which fulfills the pledges of 1888, and emphatically commends Speaker REED. Governor FORAKER'S administration is fittingly endorsed. The outrageous partisan legislation of the ripper legislature is enumerated and scathingly condemned. The McKinley tariff bill is strongly endorsed, and the attempt of the Democratic party to legislate in the interests of foreign countries, rather than our own, pointed out. The disability pension law is approved as far as it goes, and the declaration of last year's platform in favor of a graded service pension is repeated with emphasis. The need of a federal election law is shown, and its adoption by Congress urged.

The work of the Cleveland convention can be endorsed without reservation or stipulation by every Republican, not only of Ohio but of the nation. The party in this state puts itself again in the front rank of the Republican hosts by a declaration of principles in harmony with the best thought of the party everywhere, with the executive and with the congressional majority. There is no fear of defeat at the polls if every Republican in the state does his plain duty.

WAGES IN TEXTILE INDUSTRIES.

Hon. L. W. BROWN, of Ohio, now United States consul at Glasgow, Scotland, has recently forwarded to the State department some statistics on British textile industries, prepared under the the direction of the British board of trade. They are interesting as showing the rewards of labor in the cotton, woolen, worsted and linen mills of the United Kingdom. Here they are:

AVERAGE WAGES PER YEAR.

	Men.	Boys.	Women.	Girls.
Cotton.....	$319	$118	$194	$87
Woolen.....	302	107	167	94
Worsted....	294	92	151	77
Linen.....	251	79	112	62

It is interesting to compare these official figures, quoted in Consul BROWN'S report, with the official returns of the same industries in Massachusetts, which we find in the Boston *Journal*, quoted from the official figures for 1888 and 1889. The average yearly wages of the men, women, boys and girls in the cotton, woolen, worsted and linen mills in these years in that state were:

	1888.	1889.
Cotton.....	$324 13	$329 83
Woolen.....	355 84	364 84
Worsted.....	356 24	361 99
Linen.....	302 29	305 44

The comparison of these figures shows that if the lower wages paid to women, girls and boys in the Massachusetts factories are lumped in with those of the men, and a general average obtained, that average is a good deal higher than the average wages paid to men alone in England. In the cotton industry in Massachusetts, the female employes constitute 55.04 per cent; in the woolen industry, 38.40 per cent; in the worsted industry, 56.77 per cent; in the linen industry, 56.80 per cent. There is no comfort for the free trade apostles in the figures.

THE ROMAN PONTIFF.

Pope LEO has been for so many years referred to as "the prisoner of the Vatican" that we have no doubt that there are very many devout and somewhat ignorant Catholics who really suppose him to be compelled to remain within the walls of the Vatican. If this were true, that immense palace, with its something like 16,000 different apartments, chapels, galleries, halls and libraries, and its splendid gardens, would be an ideal prison; but it is not true. The Pope broke his self-imposed retirement and took the air in the streets of Rome a few days ago. The Italian soldiers saluted him with the reverence due the spiritual head of the church to which they belong; the populace bowed their heads respectfully as he passed.

The idea that the Pope has been at any time compelled to remain within the Vatican is false. The Italian people resent his claims to territorial sovereignty, but recognize him fully as the chief bishop of their church. He and his advisers will eventually be compelled to abandon the absurd pretense of temporal power, and accept the status that the Pope is a church sovereign, not a political one. The old claim of temporal sovereignty can never be established, and the Pope apparently begins to recognize it, or he would not have appeared on the streets of Rome.

THE Farmers' Alliance ticket in Minnesota shows that when that organization starts out as a separate political party it falls into the clutches of the politicians. The personnel of the ticket contains but one actual farmer, and he a rich one. The Chicago *Journal* thus describes the ticket:

The candidate for governor is S. M. Owen, who prints a weekly agricultural newspaper at Minneapolis—he is a farmer on paper only. J. O. Barrett, the owner of a 10,000-acre wheat farm, a wheat baron, in short, is the candidate for lieutenant-governor. M. Wasenberg, who is no farmer, but publishes a Swedish newspaper at Duluth, is candidate for secretary of state. Eric Mathison, who has "farmed" the county treasurer's office of Lac-qui-Parle county for ten years, is the candidate for state treasurer. J. H. Rohlfy is a rich, not a "poor" farmer, having become wealthy on his farm, showing that, if well followed, farming pays in Minnesota. J. M. Burlingame is a county seat lawyer, and has amassed wealth by trying suits between farmers; he is the candidate for attorney general. F. W. Kohlers, who has "farmed" the office of clerk of the court of Le Seuer county for a number of years, is the candidate for clerk of the Supreme court. Donnelly, Baker and other talking members of the "alliance" are not farmers at all, but lawyers.

AN attorney in South Dakota, prosecuting an "original package" case, has raised an interesting point. He claims that as South Dakota came into the Union with a prohibitory clause in her constitution, Congress, by admitting her with this constitution, sanctioned her right to regulate the importation of intoxicating liquors. This is a unique point, and it will receive consideration.

THE NEW SILVER LAW.

The people of the country, as they become better acquainted with the provisions of the new silver measure, are the better pleased with it. Divested of all legal verbiage, it simply turns practically all the silver this country produces into the treasury; and it is represented in circulation, at its gold value, by Treasury notes redeemable in gold and silver.

It is equal to a free coinage bill, because it adds to the circulation as much money as a free coinage bill could; it is better than a free coinage bill, because, it will, we think, obviate the danger of the two money metals parting company in current value, and the dollar being reduced in purchasing power to the bullion value of a silver dollar. This danger was a real one, and was and is the only real objection to a free coinage bill.

It is a law of economics that, if two currencies of equal face value, but of different actual values, circulate side by side, any large increase in the volume of the one of less value will cause the two to part company—the more valuable going to a premium. The experience the Argentine Republic is now having is the latest proof of this. Paper money, based on farm mortgages, increased in volume until a financial crash came. The banks all suspended payment, and gold went up to over 300 premium—or, to put it the other way, the paper money depreciated to less than one-third its face value in purchasing power. A similar panic and result was the thing to be feared from unlimited silver coinage in this country; but this new law avoids its possibility, while giving the people all the benefit of increased circulation a free coinage bill would furnish, and without its peril.

The attitude of the Democrats in Congress during the silver debate has been characteristic. GROVER CLEVELAND, while President, was opposed to any extension of silver coinage. He was hostile to every attempt to rehabilitate silver. The Democratic national convention of 1888, knowing CLEVELAND'S attitude, shirked the question in its platform. Yet the Democrats in Congress favored free coinage in the debates, but when the vote on the present bill came, they voted against it. Now they are taken by surprise. The people of their homes understand the merits of the measure—see that it gives all the benefits of free coinage without its manifest dangers—and are beginning to ask them why they opposed the bill. They are in a hole, and it will take some agile lying to extricate them.

The silver problem is not one that can be settled by one nation. Silver is money the world over, and it can not be made equal to gold at the present ratio by the action of a single country. The civilized nations of the world must unite in a silver movement before it can be effective. The present law does all that can be done, without danger of financial trouble, by our own government.

OHIO IN LINE FOR SERVICE PENSIONS.

The friends of service pensions everywhere will be glad to note that the Ohio state Republican convention, held at Cleveland last week, took the same ground as THE BLADE on the disability pension law and service pensions. The pensions plank commends the disability bill for the good it will do, but does not assume it to be a finality; it declares unreservedly for a "full recognition" of the debt due the men who saved the Union, and therefore demands a graded service pension. We quote the whole plank for the convenience of our readers:

That we most heartily endorse the action of the Republican Congress in passing the disability pension bill, and a Republican President who approved the same, and regard it as act of justice too long delayed, because of the opposition to all pension legislation by a Democratic President and a Democratic Congress; yet we do not regard it as the full recognition of the great debt of obligation which the government and the people owe to those heroic men by reason of whose sacrifices and devotion the union was saved and the government restored. We do further repeat our declaration in favor of a just and fair service pension, graded according to length of service, for every soldier who fought in behalf of the Union, and by reason of whose services, sacrifices and devotion this government now exists.

The readers of THE BLADE recall that we, immediately after the passage of the disability pension law, took exactly this ground, and assigned the same reasons. We have always declared that THE BLADE is not a blind party follower, but one among the foremost leaders of Republican opinion; and this is the latest of a long line of facts which prove it.

The Pennsylvania Republicans, it will be remembered, in their state platform unhesitatingly declared for service pensions; Ohio comes next, and it should be the task of every Republican who believes in the idea, to use his influence to the end that the Republicans of every other state westward shall take the same ground, and fall in line with Ohio and Pennsylvania.

No matter if the state platform does declare for service pensions; it is no reason why the organization of the Union Service Pension Association should not be pushed within its borders. In number is strength; and when the representatives of the Association go to Washington to push a service pension bill before Congress, they will want to call the roll of states, and show the thousands of voters in each who have taken the pledge. The greater the number, the more influence they can bring to bear. Push the good work onward!

GRAIN RATES IN THE WEST.

Those of our readers who have been following the series of extremely interesting letters in THE BLADE from Western farmers, on the ills from which that highly important class of the community are suffering, have noted the fact which so many of the letters contain that there is discrimination made against them by the leading railways. It is therefore a matter of prime interest to the farmers that the Inter-state Commerce commission has determined to make an uniform reduction of rates on all roads West of the Mississippi. This reduction will vary in different localities, but will average about 12 per cent of the present rates; that is, this much will be taken off the present rate.

The commission also announces that it will soon begin a thorough investigation of the specific allegation of overcharging on the part of the carrying companies now pending before the commission. It of course remains to be seen whether the commission has the power to enforce its ordered reduction. In a number of instances yet within memory it has failed, and failed lamentably in this respect. But the mere fact that official sanction has been given the complaints of the farmers is sufficient to afford them an enormous prestige in their warfare against what they deem the aggressions of hostile corporations.

THE fact that the Georgia Republicans have decided not to put a state ticket in the field because of the impossibility of obtaining a free vote and a fair count shows the necessity of a federal election bill so that when members of Congress or a President is to be voted for these Republicans may vote without hindrance and be sure that their votes will be honestly counted.

A WORD to Chicago—hustle, and get the world's fair scheme in workable form!

CURRENCY BASED ON FARMS.

We note that some of our farmer friends, in discussing the trouble under which our agricultural population now labors, favor the plan of the government's loaning them money, taking a mortgage on their land as security. We can appreciate the feeling which leads them to favor this project. Many farmers bought their lands on borrowed money, generally paying an exorbitant interest rate. They took a very hazardous risk, in a business sense; for no man can run a business on borrowed capital and pay over 6 per cent for the money—and there are very few lines of business in which it is safe to pay that high a rate. The prices of farm products have fallen since they bought, and they cannot pay the debt they made. Many are unfortunate, and it is small wonder that they desire the aid of the government.

Is it, however, a wise thing for the government to undertake? It has not the money that would be required. That much-talked-of surplus would be but a drop in the bucket. It would have to issue money, based on land security. It is instructive to look at the Argentine Republic, in South America, which has just made such an experiment, and finds that the result is a financial crash of the worst sort, and general ruin to farmers and business men. Perhaps the details of the Argentine experiment will be of interest to our farmer readers.

The government, several years ago, began the practice of making mortgage loans to any land-owner. The plan was this: The land was valued, and a mortgage bond was made for that amount; the government sold this mortgage bond for what it could get, and paid the money over to the landowner, it guaranteeing to pay interest and principal, if the owner did not. This seems, on its face, to be even a better plan than that advocated in this country, for it did not involve an enormous issue of paper money, certain to depreciate in value. Still, its workings were disastrous.

It brought on speculation in land at once. For, if a man could borrow money in this way on mortgage at low interest, and could not get it except he had land, it was inevitable that everybody should want to possess land, in order to get money on it. The price of land went up at a marvelous rate. Of course, the new prices were made the basis of valuation for the mortgage bonds. Men could get far more money on their lands than they would have sold for before the plan was put in operation. Everybody believed an era of great prosperity had set in. Real estate boomed so rapidly that everybody went into speculation in it. They did not see that the values were utterly fictitious, and that it was not a healthy activity, but a fever that would inevitably prostrate the country.

Then came the crash. Everybody wanted to sell, nobody had any money to buy. Land values came down on the run. Nobody could pay the interest on his mortgage bonds. Business of all kinds was absolutely stagnant. Gold went up to over 200 premium. The government will have to meet the interest on these mortgage bonds, and eventually the principal. It will become the owner of an enormous area of land, which is not worth in the market the face of the bonds. It has just authorized the issue of $100,000,000 of paper money to meet these payments. That simply means that the country is to be condemned for years to a depreciated currency, with gold at a premium; and it postpones the period of recovery from the present ruin.

Uruguay, the little republic to the northeast of the Argentine Republic, was unwise enough to go into the same speculation. The first result was the same. Land increased rapidly in value, and everybody was getting rich. The inevitable crash has just come. Some two weeks ago the cables announced the suspension of specie payments by the banks, and that gold was at over 300 premium. The experiment will prove a very costly one for both countries. The public debt will be enormously increased, and the ability of the people to bear taxation greatly lessened; while it is inevitable that taxation will be much heavier.

France tried a paper money based on land, a century ago. The confiscated estates of the nobility and the church were not sold, but were leased; and bonds, which were used the same as bank notes, were issued, called assignats, these lands being their security. They were first issued in 1790—just 100 years ago. They depreciated in value, and in 1796 they were redeemed, at *one-twentieth* of their face value, in "mandats," another paper issue, which finally depreciated until they were valueless. Is it wise for the United States, in the face of these examples, to undertake so perilous a scheme? Have we not had enough of the ruin left by financial panics caused by paper currency, not to risk the chances of one which would be the worst in our history?

DEMOCRATIC FALSEHOODS ABOUT THE TREASURY.

THE Democratic press has for weeks been full of reckless statements to the effect that present Congress has passed legislation, including the disability pension measure, requiring so much money that there will be an enormous treasury deficit. Representative CANNON, Chairman of the House committee on Appropriations, has made a clear and concise statement showing the falsity of the Democratic charge. He says:

The ordinary revenues of the government for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1890, are reported by the treasury at $462,083,000; under existing laws there is no reason to anticipate a less sum from the ordinary revenues during 1891. The postal revenues for 1891 are estimated by the postmaster general at $85,414,000, making a total of $467,497,000. Deducting aggregate appropriations of $350,000,000, there will be a surplus of $117,497,000, which is more than ample to meet the requirements of the new pension law and the reduction of the treasurer account of the McKinley bill, estimated at $80,000,000.

With a surplus of over $117,000,000 there is ample funds to pay expenditures. The one item that will show any large increase of expenditures is that for pensions, and we are quite sure that the Republicans of the nation—and a good many Democrats, too—will not grumble at this.

Any reasoning person knows that, as the country grows in population and in wealth—and our growth in both these is rapid—the expenditures necessarily increase. And he knows, too, that the revenues steadily increase, also. And he also knows that the money expended by the government at once goes into circulation, and helps the business of the country. So long as expenditures are wisely made—and none has been authorized by the present Congress that is not—there is no reason for fault-finding, if the expenditure is within the revenue. That this is the fact, is conclusively shown by Mr. CANNON.

IN the current number of that most excellent periodical, the *Magazine of American History*, is reproduced the article entitled, "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," by D. R. LOCKE, which was published in the *North American Review* several years ago.

WITH the passage of the new rule adopted by the Republican caucus, which will put a stop to useless and merely dilatory debate, the Senate will be able to get down to real business.

THAT STORY

WILL BEGIN VERY SHORTLY NOW.

Written Expressly for The Blade, and to Run During the Campaign Now Opening.

It now seems probable that Marion Harland's excellent story, "Mr. Wayt's Wife's Sister," will run longer than next week—one or two issues more; but when it ends we will at once begin the publication of a

POLITICAL SERIAL.

The author has difficulty in choosing a title. He is not yet suited entirely, but declares positively he will give its name for publication next week. This story will combine the interest of a rapidly-moving story of incident, turning upon the development of political events, with a discussion of current political issues. The "story with a purpose" is not a new thing, as witness the tremendous popularity of "Robert Elsmere," and others of the class; but a story dealing with the tariff, the subject of pensions, and other topics uppermost in the public mind at this time is a novelty, and from a perusal of the opening chapters we are certain our readers will pronounce it not only a success, but intensely interesting.

The author is one of the best-posted men of the country upon the tariff issue, in all its ramifications; he has written much upon it in a leading editorial capacity; and he is known as a writer of clever and interesting stories. Hence he is perfectly at home in the field selected, and THE BLADE'S readers may be assured that the story will be one worth their attention, and withal one that is likely to create a sensation.

The Scene of the Story

Is placed in Ohio, and while it refers back to the war period, the main action takes place in the future. The author has assumed that the present Congress fails to do justice to the surviving soldiers of the late war, or to answer the demands of the Western farmers for measures calculated to give them relief, and that consequently the next Congress (the Fifty-second) has a Democratic House. He then traces this supposed revulsion in public feeling through to the campaign of 1892, and the election of a Democratic President.

The reaction is so great that the Senate dare not oppose the will of the people, and the result is the overthrow of protection, the adoption of free trade, and other radical changes in national policy. The story then goes on to show the effect upon the people of the United States, gives a vivid pen picture of the new order of things, and the totally unexpected results which flow from it.

There is nothing in the story that is not only both possible and probable; and some startling pictures are drawn which, while they seem strange, are by no means beyond realization, and that within the next four years.

This story will give our readers new material for thought and discussion; it will broaden their horizon of political knowledge; and it will be especially useful to the boys and young men, just coming on the stage of political action.

Campaign Subscribers.

We shall make a special effort for campaign subscribers this summer, in order to give this story the widest circulation possible. We ask our friends to mail us lists of names of persons to whom we may send sample copies of THE BLADE with the full announcement of the story, which will be given shortly, and probably also sample copies containing the first installment. Send us names, and send them quickly!

REVISION OF PENSION LAWS NEEDED.

THE BLADE has already alluded to the crying necessity of some revision of the pension laws which will enable claims to be adjudicated without so much delay.

Thousands of claims under the new disability law are being filed now. When will they be reached? The soldiers need the money, and need it badly. In fact, they must be in need, in order to be eligible to a pension. Let us figure up how long they will have to wait:

The Pension office allowed 151,658 claims last year—the best record it ever made.

There are still pending, under the old law (invalid pensions), about 500,000 claims;

There will be filed, under the new disability law, nearly as many more.

Unless something is done, it will be nearly four years before any pensions can be reached under the new law;

It will be at least seven or eight years before all the pensions to which soldiers are entitled under the disability law can all be allowed!

This is a very serious matter to these men. It is intolerable injustice, to speak plainly. I emphasize the point THE BLADE has made before this—that all this red-tape business is inseparable from the granting of pensions under the present hodge-podge of successive enactments, and that the real remedy, the only way to do justice to the men waiting, heart-sick, for recognition, is to cut the red tape by passing a general service pension bill, and get rid of the shoal of pension sharks who are waxing fat out of the fees they get from the old soldiers by having the form of application so plain that any notary public or justice of the peace can fill it out, allowing him 25 or 50 cents for so doing, and thus take away any excuse for there being any pension claim agents at all.

A SCOTCHMAN who lived many years in New York made a visit to the land of his birth recently, and has been writing his views and impressions to the *Scottish-American*. His comparisons between Scotland and America rather oppose the teachings of the American free traders. For instance, he says:

So far as the expense of living goes I think that a family can live cheaper in the United States than in Scotland. Some things, such as clothes, may be cheaper when quality is taken into consideration, but meats, poultry, fruits and furniture are dearer in the states. House rents may be less in Scotland, but it is harder to make the money to pay these rents.

It is twice as easy to make money here as it is abroad, and the cost of living, while it may be more on the one item of clothing, is less here as regards food, and all other necessaries of life. Our free trade friends are loth to admit this, but the evidence proves it.

THE alleged dissatisfaction among the Pennsylvania Republicans is not a circumstance to the bitter war between the two factions of the Democratic party in that state. PATTISON'S nomination over WALLACE at the order of Coal-baron SCOTT has shown that it is determined to send CLEVELAND delegates to the Democratic Presidential convention, and the protection followers of WALLACE will make things lively at the coming election. Many will refuse to vote, while others will support the Republican nominee for governor.

THE Ohio Republican party is rich in statesmen, and the effect is intensified by the sad lack of them in the Ohio Democratic ranks.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Georgia's crops will surpass those of last year.

Bismarck speaks English with scarcely any accent.

Mr. Mudd is a real estate dealer in one of the towns of southern California.

A ship canal, twenty-six feet deep, is projected from Heyst, on the North Sea, to Bruges.

A colored man at Albany, Ga., has served no less than twenty-one terms in jail for fighting.

The pioneer women to climb the Jungfrau are Fraulein Eggiers, Henner and Dusca, of Berlin.

The Empress Eugenie travels under the name of the Comtesse de Pierrefonds. At present she is in Norway.

In the maw of a cow killed near Darien, Ga., a few days ago, was found a pound of sixpenny nails and a 5-cent piece.

In accordance with an ukase issued on April 27, a regular aeronautic division will be established in the Russian army.

A Vienna suicide of genius painted his initials and three crosses on a barrel of vinegar and then drowned himself inside.

A well known colored fiddler at Annapolis, Md., dreamed that he had only one day longer to live, and died accordingly.

A counterfeit dime heavily plated with pure silver on a body of German silver has appeared in Goshen, Ind. It is dated 1889.

Henry M. Stanley's manuscript is very legible, and scarcely an alteration is made in a folio.

John W. Mackay, though he keeps in the background, is as proud of his wife's social success as he is of his own business successes.

A forty

UNION SERVICE PENSION ASS'N.

JUSTICE "to him who has borne the battle, to his widow and orphans."

NEW CAMPS.

Official Reports of the Organization of Union Service Pension Associations for the Week.

Bourneville Camp, No. 12 of Ohio.
Bourneville, Ross Co., O.; 10th Congressional district; organized July 10, 1890; 31 members.
Commandant—G. E. Nessell, Bourneville, Ross Co., O.
Vice Commandant—T. M. Summers.
Adjutant—G. W. Nixon, Bourneville, Ross Co., O.

Geo. Washington Camp, No. 13 of Ohio.
Caldwell, Noble Co., Ohio; 17th congressional district; organized July 14, 1890; 40 members.
Commandant—J. M. Dalzell, Caldwell, O.
Vice Commandant—Geo. Washington.
Adjutant—James W. Webber, Caldwell, Ohio.

Sarahsville Camp, No. 14 of Ohio.
Sarahsville, Noble Co., Ohio; 17th congressional district; organized July —, 1890; 31 members.
Commandant—J. H. Caraden.
Vice Commandant—Urian Tuttle.
Adjutant—J. H. McBride.
Quartermaster—Henry Messer.
All of Sarahsville, Noble Co., Ohio.

Riverton Camp, No. 3 of Michigan.
Riverton, Mason Co., Mich.; —— Congressional district; organized July 12, 1890; 15 members.
Commandant—J. E. Scott, Riverton, Mich.
Vice Commandant—A. Van Sickles, Riverton, Mich.
Adjutant—A. E. Taylor, Riverton, Mich.

Brinton Camp, No. 4 of Michigan.
Brinton, Isabella Co., Mich.; —— Congressional district; organized July 18, 1890; —— members.
Commandant—S. M. Meader, Brinton, Mich.
Vice-Commandant—Theo. Tombo.
Adjutant—E. B. Fry, Brinton, Mich.
Quartermaster—A. Robinson.

Cordova Camp, No. 1 of Minnesota.
Cordova, Le Sueur county, Minn.; 2d congressional district; organized July 5, 1890; 44 members.
Commandant—C. V. Vorhees, Cordova, Le Sueur county, Minn.
Vice Commandant—A. S. Vail.
Adjutant—W. Chilton, Cordova, Le Sueur county, Minn.
Quartermaster—M. Baw.

Eagle Bend Camp, No. 2 of Minnesota.
Eagle Bend, Todd Co., Minn.; —— Congressional district; organized July 15, 1890; 62 members.
Commandant—E. N. Henderson, Eagle Bend, Todd Co., Minn.
Adjutant—C. S. Miller, Eagle Bend, Todd Co., Minn.
Quartermaster—C. H. Bond.

Canaan Camp, No. 4 of Indiana.
Canaan, Jefferson Co., Ind.; 4th Congressional district; organized July 12, 1890; 13 members.
Commandant—David Weatherford, Barbersville, Jefferson Co., Ind.
Vice Commandant—H. D. C. Means.
Adjutant—C. S. Leonard, Canaan, Jefferson Co., Ind.
Quartermaster—T. D. Wheeler.

A. J. Smith Camp, No. 2 of Indiana.
The first Indianapolis Camp, at a regular meeting on July 8, changed their name to A. J. Smith Camp. The officers are:
Commandant—William F. Taylor.
Vice Commandant—A. J. Smith.
Adjutant—S. M. Sawyer, 68 North Pennsylvania st., Indianapolis, Ind.

Bluff Camp, No. 5 of Illinois.
Cook's Mills, Coles Co., Ill.; 15th Congressional district; organized July 12, 1890; 13 members.
Commandant—B. E. Hobart, Cook's Mills, Ill.
Vice Commandant—J. H. Cruman.
Adjutant—Jno. Wilson, Cook's Mills, Ill.
Quartermaster—Milton H. Gaddis.

Garden City Camp, No. 8 of Kansas.
Garden City, Finney Co., Kan.; —— Congressional district; organized July 14, 1890; 45 members.
Commandant—J. C. Kitchen, Garden City, Kan.
Vice Commandant—George S. Boyd.
Adjutant—Dodd Cartwright, Garden City, Kan.

Miller Camp, No. 6 of South Dakota.
Miller, Hand Co., South Dakota; —— Congressional district; organized July 15, 1890; 18 members.
Commandant—Amos L. McWharter, Miller, Hand Co., S. Dak.
Vice Commandant—F. M. Mead.
Adjutant—John E. Dowell, Miller, Hand Co., S. Dak.
Quartermaster—Geo. W. Clayton.

Curryville Camp, No. 5 of Missouri.
Curryville, Pike Co., Mo.; —— Congressional district; organized July 19, 1890; 17 members.
Commandant—G. A. Wetherell.
Vice-Commandant—W. H. Tinker.
Adjutant—W. D. McLean, Bowling Green, Mo.

Officers of Vista Camp, No. 1 of Missouri.
Adjutant Montgomery reports a regular election of officers of this Camp, as follows:
Commandant—R. M. J. Davis, Vista, Mo.
Vice Commandant—W. Graham.
Adjutant—Milton Montgomery, Vista, Mo.
Quartermaster—Thos. Roberts.

He also reports the following excellent condition of affairs, on which we heartily congratulate the comrades:

Our Camp is in a prosperous condition, and a fine spirit is prevailing all around us. You may expect a large list of subscribers soon from this locality.

"Roll Her" After Harvest!

We have received a large number of letters from comrades during the past week, stating that everybody in their localities is busy with harvest work, and as soon as that is over they will be able to turn in and work for the U. S. P. A. The adjutant of Vista camp, No. 1 of Missouri, writes:

The U. S. P. A. is what we wanted here. Thanks to you for your idea and proposition to organize the same. We will "roll her" after harvest.

That has the right ring! "*Roll her* after harvest," comrades—and roll up so many thousands of members that we shall be a power in the land! In numbers is strength!

"Heaven helps those who help themselves." It is easy to grumble because justice is not done; we open the way for you to obtain it, to get your rights, if you will only put your shoulders to the wheel, and push the organization of the U. S. P. A.

Hundreds and thousands of old soldiers, Republicans, have expressed their disgust over the dilatoriness of Congress in the matter of service pensions, and declared that they will not "vote the Republican ticket any longer." That is a mistake of theirs. If the Democratic party were pledged to the service pension idea, or if there were the slightest possibility that it would do so, their action might be judicious.

Don't sit back and expect *other* men to do the work; *your* name, *your* vote, *your* influence, *your* effort, are needed.

Don't sit idle and say, "it won't do any good." That was not the way men talked when they enlisted in the armies of the Union to put down the Rebellion!

Don't say "the G. A. R. has been working for a service pension, and has not succeeded; therefore it is useless to try." Think a moment! The Grand Army is non-political; it can not, under its constitution, ask candidates for Congress to pledge themselves to vote for a service pension law; it can not ask its members to vote only for candidates who will so pledge themselves.

But the U. S. P. A. is organized to do these very things, and for nothing else. It is hardly necessary to say it is not a rival organization, for no one has such an absurd idea. Every Grand Army man can join it without injuring that splendid order; every friend of the soldier can join it; and all *should* join it!

U. S. P. A. Headquarters, Boston.

The headquarters for the Union Service Pension Association and THE BLADE, will be at the Hotel Vendome, Boston, during the G. A. R. National Encampment, August 11, 13, 14 and 15. That hotel will be headquarters of the G. A. R. officials, and the center of personal interest to the thousands of old soldiers who will flock to Boston on that occasion. We shall be there, and glad to see every friend of THE BLADE, and every friend of service pensions.

A Word to Adjutants.

Comrades, please be particular to send all the particulars. First, have the comrades select whatever *name* they wish for the Camp; leave the *number* blank, as all in one state are to be numbered successively, and we will put in the number when it is published in THE BLADE.

Be *sure* to send the date of organization, and the number of members.

Be *sure* to send the number of your Congressional district.

Be *sure* to send the postoffice addresses of the Commandant and Adjutant.

No Red Tape About It.

We still get letters from comrades who imagine there is some form to go through before organizing. There is no red tape about the U. S. P. A. As soon as you are ready to organize, there is but one thing to do—*organize*, and get to work! The "work" is, first, getting every voter possible in your locality to join your Camp; second, organizing Camps in neighboring localities. The purpose of the U. S. P. A. is to get as many voters as possible to join it, in order that it may wield all the power possible. The only blank is the pledge blank. When you have enough to organize a Camp, organize it, and send us the organization for record; that is all there is to do.

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION

Of the "Union Service Pension Association."

Send for blank pledges, and a bundle of copies of THE BLADE, containing the Plan of Organization. They will be sent, *free of charge*, to you. A reading of the U. S. P. A. articles on the fifth page is all that is needed to enable any one to understand its comprehensive scope, the simplicity of its organization, its effective mode of reaching its ends by proper, and stated honorable methods. And every fair-minded man who favors service pensions is willing to join, and aid in the effort to secure them.

The blank pledges have the pledge of the U. S. P. A. printed at the top, with blank spaces below for signers' names. The following is the form:

PLEDGE OF THE UNION SERVICE PENSION ASSOCIATION.

We hereby agree to become members of the Union Service Pension Association of the ——th Congressional district* of the state of ——

We hereby pledge ourselves to work for the nomination and election to the national House of Representatives of no one who will not pledge himself, unequivocally and publicly, to use his best efforts for the early passage of a service pension bill, which shall grant to every honorably discharged soldier or sailor, who served for a proper time in the army or navy of the United States, a reasonable pension, and which shall increase that minimum in proportion to the time of service, at the rate of one cent a day for all service over a stated period, as provided in what is known as the "Grand Army per diem bill," or some similar plan which shall recognize the principle that those who were the first to respond have the largest provision; and which shall grant to the widow of every honorably discharged soldier or sailor, irrespective of the cause of his death, a pension, with suitable provision for any minor children he may leave, under the age of 16 years, and until they reach that age. And he must pledge himself unequivocally not to be bound by any caucus action in the House or Senate upon any pension bill which does not contain such provisions.

And we hereby agree that as soon as ten persons have signed this pledge, we will join with them in the formal organization of this Association, in the election of officers, and in increasing the membership of the association; and that the organization shall be completed according to the "Plan of Organization" published in THE TOLEDO BLADE. In witness whereof we herewith sign our names:

NAMES.	NAMES.

*This clause in brackets is to be stricken out in forming associations in states which elect but one representative.

When you write to us for blank pledges, send us the names of all the persons in your vicinity whom you think will join, and we will send each a sample copy of THE BLADE containing the pledge and this "Plan of Organization," besides a number of copies to your address for you to use in the work. As soon as the blanks come, start at once to get signatures. Several pledge blanks will be sent, put each in the hands of a good man, and canvass for signers.

Explain that the association does not aim to found a new party; that the idea is simply to throw the solid vote of every friend of service pensions *in favor* of the nomination and election of men to Congress who will openly and honestly pledge themselves, if elected, to work for and vote for a service pension bill, as detailed in the pledge—and *against* any candidate (either for nomination or election) who will not so pledge himself.

Take the pledge among your friends. Grand Army men, ex-soldiers who are not comrades of the G. A. R., Sons of Veterans who are voters (or will be by the congressional election), and the friends of service pensions everywhere. Get as many signatures as you can before calling a meeting. Then notify the signers, and fix upon a suitable time and place of meeting. Call the meeting to order, and have a chairman and secretary *pro tempore* chosen. The meeting should not be secret. Have all come who wish, whether they sign or not.

The next thing in order is the reading of the pledge and the list of signers; and then comes the adoption of the constitution and the election of permanent officers. The constition is given below. If by-laws are needed, they can be prepared and adopted.

As soon as the result of the election is declared, let the new officers take their seats, the same evening. Let one or more Recruiting Committees be appointed, and, if possible, an Extension Committee; have them instructed by the Commandant in their duties, by his reading the sections of the constitution defining them. Fix a meeting night, if possible, not more than a week ahead; have the Working Committees instructed to report then; and adjourn. Let the adjutant report the organization to THE BLADE, for which purpose a stamped envelope is sent with the blanks. He should report as follows:

REPORT OF ORGANIZATION

Of ..... Camp of the Union Service Pension Association, of ....., in the county of ....., in the ..... Congressional district, state of .....:

Organized on ....., 1890.
Number of members enrolled, ...
Commandant, ...
Postoffice address .....
Vice Commandant, ...
Adjutant, ...
Postoffice address, ...
Quartermaster, ...

☞ Be sure to give postoffice, county and state, in the postoffice addresses of Commandant and Adjutant.

Sent by

.....

There are no instituting or installing officers, and, as yet, no charters needed. When the State Council for your state, or the National Council, is organized, it can issue charters, if it deems them necessary. When your Camp is organized as above, it is ready for work—ready to push the work of the Association, by enrolling every voter possible in its ranks, and organizing new Camps near you.

CONSTITUTION

Of the Union Service Pension Association of the United States.

ARTICLE I.—NAME AND OBJECTS.

SECTION 1.—The name of this organization shall be, "The Union Service Pension Association of ——, county of ——, [——th Congressional district of the] state of ——."

SEC. 2.—Its object shall be solely to work for the nomination and election of men to Congress who will pledge themselves to work for the preparation, and vote for the passage of, a bill which shall grant a pension to every honorably discharged soldier and sailor of the war of the Rebellion, the widows of such persons, and their minor children up to the age of sixteen years; and to oppose the nomination and election of any man who opposes such a measure.

ARTICLE II.—MEMBERSHIP.

SEC. 1.—Any legal voter, or any one who will have become a legal voter by the date of the next election of members of the national House of Representatives, may become a member of this association by election thereto, by the vote of a majority of the members present at any regular or called meeting of this body, and signing the pledge of this association.

ARTICLE III.—OFFICERS.

SEC. 1.—The regular officers of this association shall be a Commandant, Vice Commandant and Adjutant [and Quartermaster, if a treasurer shall be deemed necessary; if not, his duties shall be discharged by the Adjutant.]

SEC. 2.—The Commandant shall be the presiding officer, and discharge all the duties commonly appertaining to that position. He shall also detail all Working Committees for the furtherance of the objects of the association, and designate the special field of duty of each.

SEC. 3.—The Vice Commandant shall act as Commandant in the absence of that officer, and shall in such cases exercise the same powers.

SEC. 4.—The Adjutant shall keep a record of the proceedings of each meeting, including the names of all Working Committees, read the reports of the same, and discharge all the duties usually pertaining to the office of secretary.

[If a Quartermaster is appointed, a section should be added defining his duties.]

ARTICLE IV.—WORKING COMMITTEES.

SEC. 1. For the furtherance of the objects of this association, Working Committees shall be detailed by the Commandant, who shall instruct them as to the special object to be attained.

SEC. 2. One of these shall be the Recruiting Committee, whose chairman shall be styled the Recruiting Officer; and, if thought desirable, more than one of these committees shall be detailed at one time, consisting of three members or more, in the discretion of the Commandant. Their duty shall be to personally canvass every voter in the section in which their work is assigned, explaining to each the objects and pledge of the Association, and to secure as many new members as possible. The Commandant, when he details a Recruiting Committee, shall distinctly state the portion of territory which they are to canvass, which shall be small enough to allow the committee to see every voter personally. The Recruiting Committee shall report at the next meeting of the Association, and be discharged —one or more new committees being appointed for duty in their stead.

SEC. 3.—When a choice of delegates to a Congressional convention, for the nomination of a candidate for Representative in Congress, is to take place, the Commandant shall detail more than one Working Committees, of as many members each as he shall deem expedient; and at least one committee shall be so appointed for each place of meeting of a primary caucus for the selection of delegates. The Working Committees for this particular purpose shall be called Caucus Committees. It shall be their duty to be present at the caucus or its equivalent, to urge the selection of delegates friendly to the Union Service Pension association, and endeavor to obtain, by all honorable means, the selection of delegates who will vote only for a nominee as candidate for representative who will publicly and unequivocally pledge himself to work and vote for a service pension bill, in accordance with the pledge of this Association. These Caucus Committees shall report fully at the next meeting of the Association after the commandant; and he shall, after the hearing of the report of each, and the reception thereof by the Association, formally discharge that particular Caucus Committee, declaring it to be "with the highest commendation," if its work has been completely successful, and he believes it to have done all that in it lay to secure that success; "with commendation," if it has, in his view, have done its work with reasonable diligence; "without commendation," if he considers the work not as well done as the committee was capable of doing; but in no case censure, if he is convinced the committee neglected its work—which words shall be entered on the minutes of the meeting, after the entry of the discharge of the committee from duty.

SEC. 4.—At the meeting before the election for members of Congress, the Commandant shall detail a Working Committee, to be called the Polls Committee, for every voting precinct within the jurisdiction of this Association, whose duty it shall be to be present at the voting place to which it is assigned from the time the polls open until they close. It shall be the duty of this committee to respectfully call the attention of every voter who comes to deposit his ballot to the aim of this association, and to use all honorable arguments to induce him to cast his vote for Representative in accordance with the pledge of this Association. The Commandant shall appoint for each precinct a Polls Committee large enough to have at least three members present constantly, if it be practicable so to do. Each Polls Committee shall report fully on its work and its result, as shown by the vote at its precinct, at the next meeting of the Association, but the Commandant, in formally discharging it from duty, shall pronounce his verdict on its work, after the manner prescribed in the preceding section, which verdict shall be entered on the minutes.

SEC. 5.—If it shall be possible so to do, and the Association deem it necessary, at the next meetings before the date of the election, the members of the caucuses mentioned in section 3 above, and before the election mentioned in section 4, the Commandant shall detail a Rallying Committee for each caucus and voting precinct, who duty shall be to see that every member of this Association, and every voter known to be favorable to the objects of this Association, is present at the caucus or the election to take part therein.

SEC. 6.—When there shall be an election pending of members of a state legislature upon which will devolve the election of an United States Senator, the Commandant of this Association, upon notification from the State Council or from the District Council, shall appoint Caucus Committees, Polls Committees and Rallying Committees, as prescribed in the foregoing sections, with the intent and object of electing a majority of the legislature favorable to the selection of a senator who will favor a service pension law.

SEC. 7.—Any other Working Committees for other purposes connected with the general object of the Association, may be provided for by the Association, and detailed for duty by the commandant. And the order of the District Council for the detail of any Working Committee it shall deem desirable, or the order of the State Council for a similar detail, shall be promptly obeyed.

SEC. 8.—No Working Committee shall be detailed for any political purpose other than bearing upon the election of a Representative in Congress, or upon the choice of an United States Senator, in favorable to a service pension law, in accord with the pledge of this Association; or to defeat the election of candidates for those offices who are opposed to service pensions.

ARTICLE V.—ORDER OF BUSINESS.

SEC. 1.—The order of business at each regular meeting of this Association shall be:

1.—Reading of minutes.
2.—Reports of any special committee.
3.—Reports of Working committees, in this order:
(a) Recruiting Committee, through Recruiting Officer.
(b) Extension Committee.
(c) Caucus Committees.
(d) Polls Committees.
(e) Rallying Committees.
(f) Special Working Committees.
4.—Admission of new members.
5.—Postponed business.
6.—New business.
7.—Order of the Day—under which head the progress of the association, communications from the District or State or National Councils, the state of the service pension question among the people, the prospects of the campaign, if one be pending, new pension legislation, or the action of Congress on any general pension matter, the utterances of party platforms on the subject of pensions, and everything ascertainable on the subject of the association may come up for discussion, or be read for information.
8.—Detail of new Working Committees, to serve until the next regular meeting.
9.—Miscellaneous (under which officials report.)
10.—Adjournment to a fixed date.

[Meetings should be held weekly until the entire territory under the jurisdiction of the association shall be thoroughly canvassed by the Recruiting Committees, and the membership be brought to a maximum. The association can then fix on a regular meeting night.]

ARTICLE VI.—EXTENSION.

SEC. 1.—As soon as any Association is thoroughly organized, it shall discuss, at each meeting, under the head of Order of the Day, the matter of organizing new Associations. The most favorable localities shall be considered, and a selection made, by motion that an extension of the Association be made in that place. The motion being carried, the Commandant shall detail a Working Committee, to be called the Extension Committee, to consist of at least three members, of whom the Commandant shall be chairman *ex officio*; and if he is unable at the designated time to attend, the Vice Commandant shall take his place. That Extension Committee shall, at a suitable date, before the next regular meeting, as directed by the Commandant, go to that locality, and obtain enough signatures to the Pledge of this Association, not less than ten, and proceed at once to organize a new Association. This work shall be kept up until a sufficient number of Associations are organized to fully cover the ground; but the orders of the County Council of Administration, as soon as it is organized, are to be followed in the work of extension.

ARTICLE VII.—COUNTY COUNCIL OF ADMINISTRATION.

SEC. 1.—There shall be in every county a Council of Administration, composed solely of the Commandants of the different Associations therein, which shall have supervision of the work of extending the organization, and of extension into surrounding counties.

SEC. 2.—As soon as three Associations are fully organized in any county, their Commandants shall meet and organize by the election of a chairman, who shall preside at their sessions, and have power to call special meetings, if need arises. This Council of Administration shall meet in the county seat, if possible, but meetings may be held elsewhere, if desired. As fast as new Associations are organized, their Commandants will take their places as members of the Council.

SEC. 3.—The County Council of Administration is to determine how many separate Associations are necessary to be organized in the county to best further the objects of the Association, and where each is to be located; to determine what Associations shall send Extension Committees to these localities, and generally to harmonize and direct the work of extension, which they shall push as rapidly as possible, until arrangements are made to have every polling-place in the county under the special charge of some Association.

SEC. 4.—Whenever a county political convention is held, it shall be the duty of the Council of Administration to bring the purposes of the Association before its members, and to endeavor to obtain an endorsement of service pensions in the platform thereof; and in case of a county convention for the purpose of selecting delegates to a Congressional Convention, the Council of Administration shall take upon itself the duties of a Caucus Committee, working to obtain an endorsement of service pensions and the selection of only such delegates as are favorable to the nomination of a candidate who will endorse the pledge of this Association.

ARTICLE VIII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

SEC. 1.—This constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided that the amendment or amendments shall have been submitted in writing at the previous meeting, held at least one week before the one on which the vote is to be taken thereon, and entered on the minutes.

The matter of finances has not been touched upon, as the idea is to have the officers and Working Committees serve without pay. All necessary expenses for hall, lights, stationery, postage, etc., can be provided for by a small assessment on each member, of a few cents each.

District Councils.

As soon as *five* camps are formed in your Congressional district, we will notify each that it is in order to choose a member of the District Council for your Congressional district. The time and place of its meeting will be fixed from these headquarters. The District Council will have full control of the Congressional campaign—its work being to see that the candidate chosen for Representative in Congress shall be one in full sympathy with the service pension idea, and who has taken the public pledge named in the Pledge of the U. S. P. A.

State Councils.

There will also be a State Council in every state. Its duty is to supervise the work of the Association in that state, and especially to see that, when an United States Senator is to elected by the legislature, he shall be pledged, the same as a Representatives, and to supervise the election of members of the legislature which will choose a Senator, in the interest of service pensions, by seeing that only such members of the legislature are elected as will pledge themselves to vote only for a candidate for Senator who will give the required pledge.

Each State Council will be composed of the Commandants of the Associations in the state, and shall be chosen as directed above. In other states, as soon as the District Councils are organized, they will be called on to choose members of the State Council, which will meet at the state capital. The State Council should be small in numbers, to save expense; hence the basis of representation has been fixed as follows:

For states having 20 or more Congressional districts, *one* member of the State Council for every District Council;

For states having more than 5 districts and less than 20, each District Council to choose *two* members of the State Council;

For states having but two and less than five districts, each District Council to choose one member of the State Council for every *five* Associations in the district, and one additional member for a fraction of three or more Associations. This provision is but temporary, and will be considered by the National Council, when organized.

National Council.

When *five* states have fully organized by the organization of State Councils, we shall call on the District Councils of the entire Union to each send one delegate to the National Council, at Toledo, Ohio, and will fix the date of the meeting of that body. It will have supreme control of the Association of the United States, will adopt a permanent constitution for it, and take full charge.

EATING AND SLEEPING.

Why People Should Eat Something Before Going to Bed.

Most students and women who are troubled with insomnia are dyspeptic, and they should, therefore, eat before going to bed, having put aside work entirely at least an hour before. If they are not hungry they should simply be instructed to eat, and if they are hungry they should eat whatever they want. A glass of milk and a biscuit is better than all that can be taken at first, or mashed potato softened. If possible, the night meal should be taken in another room than the sleeping apartment, and for men in the city it will be found advantageous to go out to a restaurant. Before eating, however, a bath should be taken, preferably cold or cool, which should be given with a sponge or stiff brush, and the body thoroughly rubbed off with a coarse towel afterward.

The bath need not be more than five minutes in duration. Further than this, the patient should go to bed at the same hour every night, and arise at the same hour every morning. There is a popular superstition that grown people should not eat immediately before going to sleep; that it will give them indigestion or nightmare or both. The writer cannot see why adults should be so very different in this respect from babies. The average person should be in bed seven or eight hours, which is time enough for the digestion of anything edible. In our American life the digestion carried on through sleep probably has the better chance for thoroughness.—[Journal of American Medical Association.

ANIMALS AND ANIMALS.

Trying to Find Out How Far They Respond to Notes.

A naturalist has begun a series of investigations in regard to the amount of appreciation shown by animals for music. He finds that sheep and pigeons are fond of the flute; pigs, oxen and cows attract-able by instrumental combinations and dogs delighted with sleigh bells. Canaries generally respond to musical sound and hares have been known to stand listening in a field to the chanting of choristers. Seals are peculiarly susceptible and follow ships for many miles where a violin is discoursing.

The hippopotamus is visibly affected by the drum. "Squirrels are not only fascinated, but actually spellbound by the music-box or guitar." Alligators and hyenas are either insensible or frightened by experiments, and as yet tradition only can settle the taste of a wolf. A Scotch bagpiper, according to an old legend, was traveling in Ireland one evening when a wolf came upon him. He was obliged to open his wallet and supply him with the whole stock of his provisions, after which he made his pipes skirl. "This the monster no sooner heard than he took to the mountains. 'Aye, said the piper, 'that's known your humour you should have had your music before your supper.'" Tradition, however, would require in this case to be corrected by further experiment.—[London Graphic.

Why They Got Mad.

"Did you ever hear of the mad zebras at Barnum's?"

"No. What made them mad?"

"They overheard some one say they looked like dudes about to play tennis.—[Harper's Bazar.

A DISAGREEMENT.

Did somebody say the sunshine
Was flooding the world to-day?
Did somebody say there were roses
Abloom on the world's highway?
Did somebody speak of the gladness
Filling this earth of ours
In the time of summer and sweetness—
The time of birds and flowers?

It was all a mistake, my darling;
The sunshine has gone away;
There is thunder of fu ture distance,
There are clouds on the wretched day.
Not even the ghost of pleasure
Surveys the withered flowers;
The gloomiest place under heaven
Is this weary earth of ours.
Did somebody whisper "Patience,
The clouds will be rifted soon?"
Did somebody hint of music?
Why, the hearts are out of tune.
Yet there are pipers calling
That the clouds will pass away;
For love than wrath is stronger,
And love is king to-day.
—[Harper's Bazar.

HUXLEY ON THE FLOOD.

HE DISCUSSES NOAH'S DELUGE

In the "Nineteenth Century" for July—An Interesting Resume of His Argument Against the Possibility of a Deluge.

From advance sheets of Prof. Huxley's article on "Lux Mundi," in the *Nineteenth Century*, for July, by courtesy of the American publishers, Leonard Scott Publication Co., New York.

THERE are three ways of regarding any account of past occurrences, whether delivered to us orally or recorded in writing. The narrative may be exactly true. That is to say, the words taken in their natural sense, and interpreted according to the rules of grammar, may convey to the mind of the hearer, or of the reader, an idea precisely correspondent with one which would have remained in the mind of a witness. Or the narrative may be partly true and partly false. In the third class the fictitious element predominates. Here there are all imaginable gradations. At present, however, I am not concerned to dwell upon the importance of fictitious literature and the immensity of the work it has effected in the education of the human race. I propose to deal with the much more limited inquiry: Are there two other classes of consecutive narratives (as distinct from statements of individual facts), or only one? Is there any known historical work which is throughout exactly true, or is there not? In the case of the great majority of histories, the answer is not doubtful: they are all partially true.

I am fairly at a loss to comprehend how any one, for a moment, can doubt that Christian theology must stand or fall with the historical trustworthiness of the Jewish scriptures. The very conception of the Messiah, or Christ, is inextricably interwoven with Jewish history: the identification of Jesus of Nazareth with that Messiah rests upon the interpretation of passages of the Hebrew scriptures which have no evidential value unless they possess the historical character assigned to them. If the covenant with Abraham was not made; if circumcision and sacrifices were not ordained by Jahveh; if the "ten words" were not written by God's hands on the stone table; if Abraham is more or less a mythical hero, such as Theseus; the story of the Deluge a fiction; that of the Fall a legend; that of the Creation the dream of a seer; if the definite and detailed narratives of apparently real events have no more value as history than have the stories of the regal period of Rome, what is to be said of the Messianic doctrine, which is so much less clearly enunciated? And what about the authority of the writers of the books of the New Testament, who, on this theory, have not merely accepted flimsy fictions for solid truths, but have built the very foundations of Christian dogma upon legendary quicksands?

The antagonism between natural knowledge and the Pentateuch would be as great if the speculations of our time had never been heard of. It arises out of contradiction upon matters of fact. The books of ecclesiastical authority declare that certain events happened in a certain fashion; the books of scientific authority say they did not. As it seems that this unquestionable truth has not yet penetrated among many of those who so speak and write on these subjects, it may be useful to give a full illustration of it. And for that purpose I propose to deal with the narrative of the Naochian deluge given in Genesis.

Notwithstanding diligent search I have been unable to discover that the universality of the Deluge has any defender left, at least among those who have so far mastered the rudiments of natural knowledge as to be able to appreciate the weight of evidence against it.

Let us, provisionally, accept the theory of a partial deluge, and try to form a clever mental picture of the occurrence. Let us suppose that, for forty days and forty nights, such a vast quantity of water was poured upon the ground that the whole surface of Mesopotamia was covered by water to a depth certainly greater, probably much greater, than fifteen cubits, or twenty feet. The inundation prevails upon the earth for 150 days; and then the flood gradually decreases, until, on the seventeenth day of the seventh month the ark which had previously floated on its surface grounds upon the "mountains of Ararat." Then, as Diestel has actually pointed out, we are to imagine the further subsidence of the flood to take place so gradually that it was not perceptibly two months and a half after this time (that is to say, on the first day of the tenth month) that the "tops of the mountains" became visible. Hence it follows that, if the ark drew even as much as twenty feet of water the level of the inundation fell very slowly—at a rate of only a few inches a day—until the top of the mountain on which it rested became visible. This is an amount of movement which, if it took place in the sea, would be overlooked by ordinary people on the shore. But the Mesopotamian plain slopes gently from an elevation of 500 or 600 feet at the northern end to the sea at its southern end, with hardly so much as a notable ridge to break its uniform flatness for 300 to 400 miles. These being the conditions of the case, the following inquiry naturally presents itself: Not, be it observed, as a geodite problem, generated by modern speculation, but as a plain suggestion flowing out of that very ordinary and archaic piece of knowledge that water cannot be piled up in a heap like sand; or that it seeks the lowest level. When, after 150 days, "the fountains also of the deep and the windows of heaven were stopped, and the rain from heaven was restrained," what prevented the mass of water, several, possibly very many, fathoms deep, which covered, say, the present site of Bagdad, from sweeping seaward in a furious torrent; and, in a few hours, leaving not only the "tops of the mountains" but the whole plain, save any minor depressions, bare? How could its subsidence, by any possibility, be an affair of weeks and months? And if this difficulty is not enough, let us try to imagine how a mass of water several, perhaps very many, fathoms deep, could be accumulated on a flat surface of land rising well above the sea and separated from it by no sort of barrier.

The ark really cannot be got to stand at say, 4,000 feet above the sea-level, over Palestine, without covering the rest of the globe to the same height. Even if in the course of Noah's 600th year some prodigious convulsion had sunk the whole region enclosed within "the horizon of the geographical knowledge" of the Israelites by that much, and another had pushed it up again, just in time to catch the ark upon "the mountains of Ararat," matters are not much mended. I am afraid to think of what would have become of a vessel so little seaworthy as the ark, and of its very numerous passengers, under the peculiar obstacles to quiet flotation which such rapid movements of depression and upheaval would have generated.

That is, in my judgment, the necessary result of the application of criticism, based upon scientific physical knowledge, to the story of the deluge. And it is satisfactory that the criticism which is based not upon literary and historical speculations, but on well-ascertained facts in the departments of history and of literature, tends to exactly the same conclusion.

But the voice of archæological and historical criticism still has to be heard; and it gives forth no uncertain sound. The marvellous recovery of the records of an antiquity, far superior to any that can be ascribed to the Pentateuch, which has been effected by the decipherers of cuneiform characters, has put us in possession of a series, once more, not of speculations, but of facts, which have a most remarkable bearing upon the question of the trustworthiness of the narrative of the flood. It is established that for centuries before the birth of the Chaldees Terah from the region of the Chaldees (which, according to the orthodox interpreters of the Pentateuch, took place after the year 2,000 B. C.), Lower Mesopotamia was the seat of a civilization in which art and science and literature had attained a development formerly unsuspected, or, if there were faint reports of it, treated as fabulous. And it is also no matter of speculation, but a fact, that the libraries of those people contain versions of a long epic poem, one of the twelve books of which tells a story of a deluge which, in a number of its leading features, corresponds with the story attributed to Berosus, no less than with the tsory given in Genesis, with curious exactness.

Looking at the convergence of all these lines of evidence to the one conclusion—that the story of the Flood in Genesis is merely a Bowdlerised version of one of the oldest pieces of purely fictitious literature extant; that whether this is or is not its origin, the events asserted in it to have taken place assuredly never did take place; further, that in point of fact the story, in the plain and logically necessary sense of its words, has long since been given up by orthodox and conservative commentators of the Established church.

CURED

Of Female Weakness and Nervous Prostration.

COLEBROOK, O., January 24, 1890.
The Owen Electric Belt Appliance Company:

GENTLEMEN: About two years ago I was induced to obtain one of your Ladies' Electric Belts, it being considered by my husband and friends as a last resort in the effort to regain my broken health and shattered nervous system.

My trouble began when our first child was born, at which time my health became so impaired that for some time it was feared by my friends that I would never rise from my bed again. Partially recovering, however, I went on with my duties, becoming more nervous and with constant painful sensations.

Afterward, as years passed by, our home was brightened by three more children, whose happy faces and childlike prattle should have made and did make us happy, only my health became more broken, and I finally became so prostrated as to be entirely unfit for any household duties, and in fact so nervous as to be a burden to myself and all my friends. The weakness and nervousness increased. I tried every known remedy, employed doctor after doctor, and all patent medicines, using all the means we could accumulate from our farm in paying doctors' bills, but I constantly declined in general health, until I became discouraged and willing to die. My friends and neighbors began to offer consolation and to express pity for my children, whom they thought were soon to be deprived of their mother's care. In this condition, with daily headaches, throbbing pains in my back, a constant feeling of weight, no appetite, extreme nervousness, sleeplessness, restlessness, hysteria, constipation, and all attending difficulties, my life truly was a burden. Worn out and completely discouraged, as a last resort my husband, learning of the wonderful cures having been made by wearing the Owen Electric Belt, determined to obtain one for me. It began to ventilate my body and I noticed first that it gave me strength, then my habits became more regular, the sense of depression began to leave me. I began to gain in flesh, as I had been reduced to less than ninety pounds from 125, my appetite returned and my digestion began to improve.

I soon noticed that my blood began to course through my arms and limbs and my pulse began to steady itself. I began to take an interest in life and enjoy exercise. My nervous trouble and troubles peculiar to our sex began to leave me, one after another; I resumed my old duties about the house, until now, with hopeful eye and buoyant heart I take entire charge of my household duties, care for my entire family of four children, my husband and the added help incident to a large farm, and consider myself entirely cured.

All this change from the very edge of the grave occurred during the first year I used the Electric Appliance, and now for more than a year I have continued in excellent health and spirits, feeling no returning symptoms of the disease. I can walk any distance I desire, stand upon my feet in conducting my household duties nearly the whole day without any of the old feeling of the pain and weakness. I do my sewing for a family of seven, and keep a large house in order.

I owe all this wonderful transformation from entire prostration to perfect health to the magic power of the Owen Electric Belt, and my heart goes out to my suffering sisters throughout the land, and I desire to say to them, by this testimony, that, if suffering from diseases peculiar to our sex, they can find in the use of the Owen Electric Belt a happy relief, and, I have no doubt, a permanent cure.

I consider it but little I can do in return for all the good I have received from Dr. Owen's Electric Appliances to thus add my testimony as one having entire faith in their efficacy, as given by the Owen Electric Body Belt in curing disease. Sincerely wishing that others may find the relief I have in their use, I am thankfully, MRS. ELLA TRAUTMAN,
Colebrook, Ohio.

Cured of Catarrh of the Head and Lungs.

CHICAGO, ILL., January 25, 1890.
The Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co.:

GENTLEMEN—It is due you and also my desire to make known to every one the entire cure I have received by using your Electric Body Belt.

I have been a sufferer from the effects of catarrh in the head and lungs for years, the result of incautious exposure. The mucous membrane of my throat, nose and air passages became inflamed, and I suffered from the disease, which finally increased with the disease. I tried all known remedies for catarrh and finally for consumption, which my friends thought was coming upon me. I suffered with a constant cough, but the effort to throw off the oppressive feeling in my chest. I became weak and reduced in flesh. I could not walk fast or run without becoming exhausted and out of breath. I suffered terribly with indigestion. I was reduced in flesh, becoming nerveless and tired all the time. Finally a sense of weakness at the small of the back came upon me, and this troubled me with all other troubles. Nothing remained in my stomach, and my food seemed to do me no good. I became entirely discouraged and began to lose interest in the affairs of life.

It was in this condition that my downward course was arrested by what has been the greatest blessing of my life.

A friend who had

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON,.....EDITOR

HOME TALKS.

WHO HAS GOT THE BUTTON!

What Was Known of This Article Thousands of Years Ago—Its Later History—First Manufacture in This Country.

A CHANCE sight of that line of Shakespeare's,

"On Fortune's cap we're not the very button,"

set me a-thinking. My thoughts did not, as one might naturally expect, mournfully run upon the fact that I have not attained to the highest summit of material prosperity, of which truth the above, applied individually, is a figurative expression. They did not, in the least, involve regrets that there were not "millions" in my cup of life, or that I was not perched upon the hill-top of earthly glory. On the contrary, what did come to me was the memory of that ridiculous but rollicking play of my youth known as "Button, button, who has got the button?" How closely the door of the present closed in upon me, leaving me shut in with the past! How the bright faces that were so familiar then, smiled upon me again! How the merry laugh at some unfortunate button hunter resounded in the listening ear turned backward to those vanished days! I saw the whole merry group, and then the door of the present swung open again, and I tried to count those friends of my youth as I knew them, now. They were few indeed that I could reckon, very few—scattered to the four corners of the earth, and more than one passed on into the silent land.

There was no use of brooding over these changes—it is against my principles to dwell in memories—so I brought myself up with a mental jerk, and went to musing in a prosaic way over material "Buttons." Whence came they? How long have they been known? And were they for use at first, or ornamental? I found myself afloat as to these queries, and so looked up the matter a little.

THEIR ORIGIN.

It would be hard to tell whence came the first buttons, or where the idea originated. Somebody who has given the subject more time and research than I, may know these facts, but I find none recorded. I did find this, however, and it is very interesting.

In the long ago past, centuries before the wise men of the East were led to the manger in Bethlehem of Judea, a magnificent city flourished in Greece named Mycenæ. That it had grand buildings of white marble, fine streets, great temples, and a wealth of gold and precious stones is proven by the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann and his wife, who, within the last decade, have made such wonderful excavations in these ancient cities so celebrated in the poems of Homer. In Mycenæ he is believed to have brought to the light of day, after 3,000 years, the remains of King Agamemnon, his wife, children and companions, of whom the blind old poet sung so gloriously in the "Return from Troy."

Dr. Schliemann, tells, in his book published a few years ago, of the uncovering of the royal tombs, of which there were five, and of the contents found therein. Among the most curious were varieties of buttons of different materials, some of bone covered with gold plate with a sort of raised work upon the top, often representing a curiously-shaped cross, supposed to be a religious symbol. There were also buttons made of some hard, white stone, with circular holes in the center into which was stuck a small blue stone like a jewel.

In another tomb he found twelve buttons of wood upon which are the forms of crosses plated with gold that were magnificently ornamented with intaglio and repousse work. The largest of them were 3¼ inches in length and 2 1-8 inches broad, and all were lozenge shape. Some idea of them may be obtained below:

The lower side of these buttons were oval, showing that they were only used as ornaments, and not to serve as fasteners. Besides, he found large numbers of much smaller ones of gold plate, secured, he says, to wood buttons, like our shirt studs, or merely on flat round pieces of wood. All had the intaglio work representing stars, flowers or crosses, and sometimes a sort of spiral pattern. He thinks a great many of these buttons were fastened in rows upon the wooden handles of swords, but he does not state anywhere evidence that they ornamented wearing apparel in any way.

All this is very interesting as showing that this little every-day, useful, as well as ornamental, article was known and employed thousands of years ago.

LATER HISTORY.

Its later history does not go back of the 14th century, the paintings of that time showing them used as ornaments for the dresses of both men and women. They were made mostly of gold or ivory. Along in the 17th century, however, people seemed to have discovered how to put them to some practical use, and from that time on there were improvements in their manufacture, and the trade in them constantly increased. The greatest advancement was made in the great Boulton works, in England, about the middle of the last century.

Covered buttons, with a shank, were first invented and manufactured in England the beginning of the present century. The inventor, Sanders, began business in a small way in Birmingham, but increased it by his own inventions and that of his son until he became a very rich man. The younger Sanders patented a button with a flexible shank—that is, one made with a tuft of canvas protruding from the back, through which the needle could be passed.

The story has often been told of the first manufacture of buttons in this country. It was the product of a woman's ingenuity, goaded by her love for her husband. Samuel Williston, in the first part of this century, was a young man whose ambition to become a minister was brought low by the failure of his eyesight and he was compelled to open a small country store. In this he dragged wearily along, succeeding poorly of course, because the work was not to his taste. The affectionate wife, one day, in the midst of her thought as to how to make both ends meet, bethought her of covering wooden buttons with cloth and then selling them to their customers. Many an honest penny was turned in this way, until the idea of machinery to do the work more rapidly came to her, and the end of it all was the invention, the establishment of a factory, then another and another, until finally they supplied half of the world with their buttons, and they had hundreds of thousands of dollars to give away for public benefactions at Easthampton in Massachusetts, where the worthy couple lived, and elsewhere as they knew of need.

To-day buttons are made of all sorts of materials as we all know, and they may be purchased for a mere song, or large sums be expended upon them. Just now they are less used in woman's apparel than is ordinarily the case, as fashion has decreed that no buttons shall show upon the bodices of dresses, unless for ornamentation. A recent article, however, states that women of wealth and fashion are expending large sums upon gold buttons of exquisite patterns, set with diamonds and other kinds of precious stones. If this is the case, it will not be long before they will be as popular as ever again for all the purposes for which they are generally used.

It is a singular fact that this little and apparently insignificant article had much to do with bringing about the present comparatively simple style of dress. Had it not been for the means thus afforded of holding different parts of the garment together, the flowing robes of long ago would still be worn, picturesque indeed, but exceedingly inconvenient except in the parlor. EMILY S. BOUTON.

A Convenience.

One of the most vexatious things that can happen, especially to a housekeeper, is to find that something important has been forgotten, when it is difficult to remedy the matter. It is worse when the distance to the "butcher's, the baker's and candlestick-maker's" is considerable. Thinking of this, a suggestion in a recent number of *Good Housekeeping* seemed very good, and that was to keep a slate hanging upon the kitchen wall, with a well sharpened pencil by its side, and then when the discovery is made that something is wanting, write it down immediately, and there it is before the eyes, so that there is no danger of forgetting, while one is not burdened with the effort of memory. The writer said that at first she had a nice little book with ivory covers, etc., but she could not keep that in the kitchen, so it was never where she could reach it and she substituted the slate.

The same idea could be carried out by those who have other pursuits than that of housekeeping. The slate could be made presentable for the sitting-room, library or study, by giving the frame a coat of gilding, and then those who can paint could ornament it prettily with a spray of flowers and any fanciful design. Brass hooks could be screwed into the top at each corner and ribbon or cord used to hang it with its accompanying pencil in a convenient place. It would be very easy then each morning to consult your slate and see what wants or necessities had developed to be soon attended to, in the last twenty-four hours. Try the plan and see if it be not a comfort.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

FANCY KEY BOARD—Get a rolling pin 16½ inches long. Plane off one side for the back. Cover the board with plain plush of any color desired, and gild or silver the ends. Get gilt rosette nails and put on in any fanciful way, after putting four brass hooks at equal distances apart to hold the keys. Get 3¼ yards of No. 7 satin ribbon of shade of plush to tie upon the ends to hang it up by.

BANANA SACHET.—Get a banana, peel it carefully, lay each piece upon paper and cut out the exact pattern, not allowing for seams. Number them so as to know exactly how they go together. Get satin as near the color of a banana as possible, turn it wrong side up, lay the pattern on and mark it out with a pencil, numbering pieces as before. Leave an edge for the seams. Sew them carefully together with as near an invisible over stitch as can be managed, using sewing silk of the same color. Leave one end open. Stuff with cotton sprinkled with powdered orris root, and put a bow of ribbon and long loop of same shade as satin, at the end to hang it up by. The effect will be increased, if, with a brush and a little soft umber, brown spots are painted here and there.

PICTURE DRAPE.—A very pretty and cheap picture drape is made of white wadding; you can get two large sheets for only five cents. Cut one sheet in two through the center along the fold, then cut a fringe about four inches deep on one end and run ribbon across above the fringe, about one inch apart, the ribbon being one inch wide. Get the ribbon used for fancy work, satin finish, five cents a yard. A half yard is enough to go across one end of the drape. The other end is cut in four large rounding scollops, then loop tinsel cord around the scollops, making a fringe of tinsel on that end. Above the scollops work in different stitches and all colors of silk twist or zephyr. Tie a band of ribbon in or about the center of the drape, and hang on the corner of a large picture.—WHITE ROSE.

What do the members of the HOUSEHOLD say to having a symposium upon fancy work? Let us take one thing at a time and each selecting the prettiest pattern she can find, give the rest the benefit. Then save the papers or make a scrap book of these chapters and you will have a real treasure.

Perhaps we might begin with "Aprons."

Send in a description of anything new and pretty in that line which you can find, and the editor will add her mite, and we will see what the result will be. Send them along.—ED.

Knitting and Crocheting.

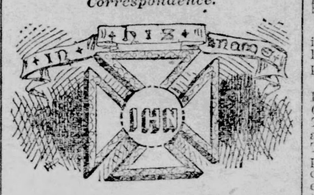
Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; 2 k 2p, purl two, knit two in narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; p ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; dc, double crochet.

DORCAS EDGING.—Cast on 17 stitches and knit across plain. 1st row—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 3—o—n—o 4 times—k 2; 2d row—k 3—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 4—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 2; 3d row—k 2—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 6; 4th row—k 7—p 1—k 8—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2; 5th row—k 2—o—n—k 3—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 6; 6th row—k 7—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 8—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 2; 7th row—k 2—o—n—k 3—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 6; 8th row—bind off 4—k 2—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 8—p 1—k 4—p 1—k 2. Repeat from first row.—NELL.

CROCHETED POMPONS.—Make a chain of 30 stitches, quite loosely. Put needle through second stitch of chain, having the instrument under the hand, as in knitting; hold the needle and work with the thumb and middle finger of right hand, having the fore finger about one inch above the hook of the needle, and wind the wool 9 or 10 times around the needle and finger, thus forming long loops. Having wound the thread evenly, keep the finger well up, draw the loops on the needle through the chain stitch, and finish with single crochet. When the chain is all taken up sew into a round mat and pick the loops well apart to make the pompons look fluffy.

Correspondence.



THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.(1)—From all parts of the United States, there come to THE BLADE letters asking for information about the "King's Daughters." What are they? What do they do? What are the conditions of membership and how shall we proceed to fulfill those conditions? What work can they do that will not interfere with that being done by the White Ribbon Society? etc., etc.

"The Order of the King's Daughters is a Christian sisterhood of service, actuated by love to the King, but bound together by no formula of doctrinal faith." The objects of this society are to develop spiritual life, and stimulate Christian activity — the last being a natural and certain sequence of the first. The work is varied—each ten or circle taking as their especial work anything that needs their aid. As to membership —the constitution expressly states that "Any person may become a member of this order, whose purposes and aims are in accord with its objects, and who holds herself responsible to the King, our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ."

There is no question of church membership, and no sectarianism whatever in this work. Members of any church, or those who have no church membership are alike eligible as "Kings Daughters," on the above conditions, and it is this idea of a common work in His name, free from all doctrinal restraints that is bringing Christian workers together in the true spirit of the Master's work. As soon as we can do away with all ideas of charity, in connection with the work, and give and take with the feeling that it is only an interchange of favors between members of the same family, and all be done in His name, in spirit as in word, then will the true meaning of the "King's Daughters" be exemplified.

The badge of the Order is a Silver Maltese cross, bearing the letter I. H. N., and the date 1886, or a purple ribbon. The badge is the especial property of the Order, and can be obtained only from the treasurer or the state and county secretaries. A card of membership has also been provided, but the signing of the card, or the wearing of the badge is optional. The membership fee is ten cents annually, to be paid to the treasurer of the Order. Persons can become members of the Order without being connected with any circle if they choose, and there is no limit to the number of circles, as many as can work together to good advantage may do so, though generally it is better to have more circles, and thus extend the work over a broader field. Ten is recommended as a good working force.

There is also no limitation as to age—none are too old to work for the King, and there are many circles formed by elderly ladies who find that there is much for them to do by their advice and example to the younger members, and who find comfort and pleasure in their regular monthly or weekly meetings, while some of the most earnest workers are found among the children, who show a marked improvement in their habits and manners when once they understand the importance of their living so as not to bring reproach upon their circle. There are many ways in which these little "Daughters" can help themselves and others. "In His name." For older persons there are circles for home and foreign missionary work, education, temperance, city evangelization, charity organizations, work among working women and girls, among men and boys, among the Indians and the colored people, among invalids, and anything that is done "In His name," and with a sincere desire to help others to be better and happier, is the legitimate work of the "King's Daughters" and "Sons."—MRS. SOPHIE WALDRON.

RUTH'S WAY.—How do I manage to avoid cleaning spittoons when my husband both smokes and chews? I might answer that briefly and truthfully by saying I do so because my husband is a gentleman. But that is presupposing an unfair, and perhaps unfair advantage. The solution is simply this: My husband was subject to the tobacco habit before we were married. I loved him well enough to accept him, habit and all. And having done so, do not consider it wise or wifely to fuss and fret and scold about the habit, any more than if he were bald or near sighted. On his part, knowing I dislike it intensely, he tries to avoid giving annoyance, using as little as possible in the house. I have learned there is very great difference in kinds of tobacco, both for chewing and smoking, and I insist on the best being used, and have more than once, quietly laid in a small supply as "reserve" if he ran out, and it was highly appreciated too, at least I thought so when as part payment he brought a great basket of rare orchids in full bloom.

"Must be in the honeymoon!" Well, that's a matter of opinion. We have been jogging along a good many years and our heads are growing gray, but I honestly think we are greater "lovers" now than when we began life together. How would it have been if I had set myself the pleasant (?) duty of "reforming" him? I put on my "thinking cap" before hand and came to my conclusions and have abided by them, that is all. It is simply and solely a mutual consideration of each other's wants and wishes that secures the best comfort and truest happiness in the home. I am thought to be ultra fastidious; am called "notional" and "cranky," but I have a pleasant, pretty home that I will not allow to be defiled by any body, visitor or otherwise, and it is a fact, there has never been a spittoon in my house, and I do not think one will be needed right away.

To the lady who has a objectionable horror of a bad breath, I will just remark there is a good deal of "know how" in good kissing as in other things. As for the "managing," my husband and family come first in all things. The very best the house contains—the best the larder affords is for them. I do not keep my "best" for company or strangers. Heaven may send such. I'll try to do well by them. But heaven gave me my own and I am responsible for their comfort and happiness.—RUTH.

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.—"Ida Hawthorne" represents the worst fault of children as being ingratitude to parents. I am one of those "old maids," and therefore an interested observer. It is small wonder to me that some children grow up selfish, faultfinding and licentious. Parents should remember that for all their children's faults, somewhere there rests a cause; that cause may be within the reach of poor human wisdom, and it may not. They should note the fact that a parent's influence and example have much to do towards forming the majority of children's characters. They should be a constant example of what they wish their children to be, and it is the height of folly to reprimand a child for a fault of which they themselves are guilty. It seems to me that parents do not realize the magnitude of responsibility that rests upon them while launching a soul upon the sea of life. I believe in the first few years of a child's life it is more susceptible of proper training than in after years, and that it should then be taught the two first principles of those sterling virtues, self-denial and unselfishness. Teach it that it cannot possess all that it desires, that it cannot appropriate everything to itself regardless of the rights and feelings of others. But I have observed an opposite course from this is generally practiced. The child is pampered in every whim, and receives such attentions as has a tendency to develop in it a feeling that it is a king, and all the people its subjects, who should minister to its wants. Of course it is not best to be too severe, but there is a middle course wherein judgment which consults the highest good of the child, reigns. Most mothers let their love overbalance their judgment. It is a good thing these mothers cannot control the universe, for if they could the world would surely come to an end. If baby cried for the sun, moon and stars, baby should surely have them, regardless of consequences. I never expect to become a mother, but if I were one I should not expect gratitude from a child that had no voice in the making of its life. I would not expect gratitude for doing what I would consider my duty by it. I believe I would imagine myself responsible for its every fault, unless I thought as some women do of their children, and often too truly, that it took after its father.—MATTIE CORY, Ind.

Inquiries.

Will some one please tell through the HOUSEHOLD when is the best time to replant strawberries, raspberries and blackberries?—C. R.

The second question involves publishing an address, and as you will see by last week's issue, this is prohibited in all personal matters.—[ED.

Can the editor or any reader of THE BLADE tell me if a paper called "*The Christian Herald or Signs of Our Times*," is yet published? Some years ago a worthy "White Ribbon Lady" of Toledo, gave my sister some temperance papers to read. I well remember some of the articles they contained, but have entirely forgotten the name of publication. It was published weekly and on the first page of each one was a nice temperance poem, with illustration. I remember one in particular gave the poem entitled "A Tramp," written by J. Russel Lowell. I shall feel grateful to any reader who will put me on the track of these papers.—MRS. MARY YOUNG, Kan.

Would some reader of THE BLADE please tell me where I can get Plato's "Immortality of the Soul?" and also whether stenography can be learned successfully without a teacher, or not?—MISS HATTIE COLLINS, Louisiana.

I would like to have some of the sisters send a remedy for dizziness. I have been a sufferer from it for the past two months, and nothing I take seems to help me. Most of the time I am not able to attend to my duties about the house.

If you like, I will send you directions for making crocheted chemise yoke, which is very pretty, and I have never seen it in THE BLADE.—MRS. F. MCDANIEL.

We should be glad to have it if not too long.—ED.

Will some sister please tell me if a "skull cap" made from brown velveteen would be nice for my boy? He is nine years old. If so, will they suggest some nice way to make it? Shall I embroider the band?—LOIS.

Will some of the sisters tell me how to cook salsify, or vegetable oysters? We are raising some, but do not know how to use it. Thanks to "Universalist" for her bright, comforting words. We are so glad to learn that at least one of the HOUSEHOLD sisters is firm in the "Faith Blessed."—KANSAS UNIVERSALIST.

Thanks for good wishes.—ED.

Will any of THE BLADE readers give me their advice. I live on a farm, have always worked hard, (as all must do that live on farms); am 16 years old, and have never had much enjoyment. My parents are tolerably well off, but think sometimes I spend a little too much. Now, I want some one to advise me on the matter of making my own spending money. I can sew and embroider very well, and want to learn to paint. I am not versed in music or my books either. Will some one advise me?—NONA SHANTEE.

Many thanks to those who told me what to do for the lice and worms in my plants; and now will some one tell me what causes my fuschias to drop their buds, and the leaves roll almost together? They stand in the sunny corners of the bay window, have plenty of fresh air and good, rich soil.—JERUSHA JANE.

Answers to Inquiries.

The name chosen by "Blade Mother" for her boy is Hubert. It was given by two or three persons, but the first one received is the winner of the WEEKLY BLADE for a year. The name is Laura A. Cornwell, Elton, New York.

Nettie J. Melchert: Send to the Woman's Temperance Publication association, LaSalle street, Chicago, Ill., for what you want. Several books of such pieces have been published by this house, and you can gain all the information you need by writing there.

The correspondent from Knightstown, Ind., can also have her wants supplied in the same way.—ED.

I wish to tell THE HOUSEHOLD how I churn, as it may be a help to some one who dislikes washing the churn and dash as much as I do. I have but one cow (a 2-year-old milch Durham) and average nearly one pound of butter a day. I save nothing but pure cream, and shake it in a glass quart can (self-sealer). You will not be bothered with flies or milk splashing out.—IDA.

Mrs. C. B. M.: For a room 12x18 get boiled linseed oil, 1 gal.; 2 tablespoonfuls burnt umber; dryer, 1 gill (4 ozs.); heat the oil hot in an iron kettle; then stir in the umber and dryer, and, with an old paint brush, apply it as hot as you can. This is enough to apply two coats. A mop wrung out of warm water will clean it nicely.—MINNIE.

In answer to "Nineplns's" query as to how to get rid of bedbugs, will give a simple but effectual remedy: Shut up your room as nearly air-tight as possible. Put some brimstone in an old iron pot or kettle, and set it on fire. Now get out of the room yourself as soon as you can, and leave the fumes of the brimstone to do the work. Every crack and crevice will be penetrated and every bug killed. I have seen this tried, and know whereof I speak.—MARY E. BARTON.

In answer to questions by "Mary:" Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage is a Presbyterian. To remove shoe dressing from white goods: Pour on hot tallow, let it cool, then wash with soap and hot water. Bi-carbonate of soda, bound for three or four days on a soft corn, and kept moist, will loosen it so that it can be removed. The same treatment acts beneficially on hard corns. To produce fat: Eat plentifully of oily, starchy and sweet foods, and avoid too much exercise.—MARTHA.

I would like to tell the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD that if they have milk beginning to sour and they wish to boil, to use a little lime water in it; it will immediately sweeten it.—MRS. A. W. WHEELER.

If "Mary" will drink two-thirds of a cup of warm water every morning, just before breakfast, she will not be troubled with constipation. It cured me.—LOIS.

Recipes.

CANNED VEGETABLES.—The following recipes are given by Mrs. Rorer in her little book entitled "Canning and Preserving." If any BLADE readers know any other way which they think is better, please send to the HOUSEHOLD:

CANNED BEANS.—String the beans and cut them in several pieces, throw into boiling water, boil rapidly 15 minutes. Have the jars ready filled with warm water to slightly heat. Empty and fill quickly with the beans.

CANNED LIMA BEANS.—Fill the jars full of uncooked beans, then fill the jars full of cold water and lay on the tops. Place straw or hay in the bottom of a wash-boiler, place the jars on this, and pour in sufficient cold water to half cover them. Put the boiler over the fire, cover it closely with the lid, and boil steadily for three hours. Take up the jars, see that they are filled to overflowing, and screw on the covers as tightly as possible. Stand aside, where the air will not strike them, to cool. When cold, again screw the covers, and keep in a dark, cool place. Asparagus and peas may be canned in the same way.

CANNED CORN.—For this select fine, fresh corn. Remove the husk and silk, and carefully cut the corn from the cob. Pack into jars, pressing it down closely, and fill to overflowing. Put on the tops and screw them down. Place hay or straw in the bottom of a wash-boiler, stand the jars on top of this, and pour in sufficient cold water to half cover the jars. Cover the boiler tightly, and boil continuously for three hours, watching carefully that there is sufficient water to make a full volume of steam. When done, lift out the jars, screw down the covers as tightly as possible, stand aside to cool. When cold, screw again, and keep in a dark, cool place.

CANNED TOMATOES.—Scald the tomatoes and remove the skins. Put them in a porcelain-lined kettle, bring them slowly to a boil, and *simmer* 30 minutes. Put the tomatoes boiling hot into the jars, and seal.

CANNED TOMATOES (whole).—Select small, smooth, sound tomatoes. Pack them without peeling into wide-mouthed jars, fill the jars with cold water, and finish precisely the same as Lima beans, boiling only 15 minutes. Be sure that the cans are filled to overflowing with boiling water before screwing on the tops.

SMALL CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Wash and wipe 100 small cucumbers and place them in jars. Cover them with boiling brine, strong enough to bear an egg; let stand 24 hours. Then take them out, wipe, place in clean jars, and cover with hot vinegar spiced with an onion, 12 whole cloves, 1 oz. of mustard seed and 3 blades of mace. They will be ready to use in two weeks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

BRIGHT, TENN.
Charlie Hurst.

Names this week, 1. Total, 29,675.

The above embraces all names received up to July 21.

Dare to Say No.

Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed,
For answering "Yes," without counting the cost.
Dare to say "No," when you're tempted to drink,
Pause for a moment, my brave boy, and think;
Think of the mother who bore you in pain;
Think of her tears that will fall like rain;
Think of her heart, how cruel the blow;
Think of her love, and at once answer "No";
Think of the hopes that are drowned in the bowl;
Think of the danger to body and soul;
Think of sad lives once as pure as the snow;
Look at them now, and at once answer "No."
Think of the manhood with rum-tainted breaths.
Think of its end and the terrible death.
Think of the homes that now shadowed with woe,
Might have been heaven had the answer been "No."
Think of lone graves both unwept and unknown,
Hiding fond hopes that were fair as your own.
Think of proud forms now forever laid low,
That might still be here had they learned to say "No."
Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl,
Driving to ruin both body and soul.
Think of all this as life's journey you go,
And when you're assailed by the tempter say "NO."

The Little Fifer.

HELEN M. WINSLOW.

MORE than a hundred years ago there lived, in the town of Shirley, Mass., a bright, well-grown lad named John Holden. His father was a farmer, and the little fellow trudged about the farm clad in home-spun and home-made clothing, feeding calves, driving cows and doing whatever his hands found to do "with all his might."

One Saturday night John was early at the gate waiting for his father's home-coming; for Saturday was the day when Jonas Holden went to the village, and returned laden with packages and news from Boston—which to them was the center of the world. A present was an unheard-of thing in little John's life. What was his surprise, then, as his father rode up to the gate, to see him hand out a long black case, saying:

"Here, my boy, see what I've brought you for a birthday present."

And imagine his greater astonishment, on opening the case, to see a beautiful fife of dark wood with silver trimmings!

The boy could hardly believe his own eyes; and as he was passionately fond of music he lost no time in beginning to learn the use of his newly acquired instrument. He carried the fife with him everywhere and practiced on it in every spare moment, and before many months he was able to greatly astonish the villagers and he won many a compliment by his skillful playing.

Just before the Revolutionary War the whole country, as every boy and girl ought to know, was in a state of ferment and dread. War seemed inevitable, and the oppressive rule of the English was the theme of conversation everywhere.

Little John heard much of it, and longed to be a man that he might join the "rebellious colonists." And one day he received a compliment which set him thinking of matters in a way the older members of his family never mistrusted.

A visitor from Boston was at the farm-house, and the talk, as usual, ran on the prospect of war in the colonies. During a pause in the conversation, Mr. Holden asked John to play something on the fife. When he had played a stirring march or two, the stranger exclaimed, "Upon my word! But the boy has the soul of music in him! He will be ready for the British bulls and lions when it is necessary."

John sat quite still for some time. But before he went to bed he went to his father and said, "Father, if the British do come, shall I go to war with my fife?"

"To be sure," answered his father laughingly. "They could not get along without you."

Long after his father had forgotten this incident, John Holden took his dog Zip, and his darling fife, and went to a favorite hill on the place to practice. At night the dog came back alone and going straight up to the boy's chamber began to moan and cry, and would not leave John's bed.

The family were greatly alarmed, and instantly divined that something had happened to John.

Soon the whole town was in commotion; for the news that John Holden was lost flew like wild-fire. Bands of men were organized and went searching the woods in every direction.

Indians had been prowling through the town recently. Had they carried off the boy? or had they stolen the valuable fife and thrown the boy into the river? The woods were hunted through and through; the river was dragged; notices of the lost boy were sent in every direction; but weeks lengthened into months and no clue was obtained that threw the faintest glimmer of light on the strange disappearance.

Everybody believed him to be dead, or with the cruel Indians. Everybody but one. The boy's mother never lost faith in his being safe somewhere:

"My boy is in God's hands," she would say. "In his good time John will come home."

And nothing could move her from this belief while two anxious years slipped by.

In the meantime war had broken out, and Shirley had sent her full quota of men to fight for the country's independence. It was through one of these that a rumor reached Mr. Holden that a boy of 12 was in Gen. Washington's army as fifer.

Jonas Holden was impressed with the certainty that the boy in Washington's army and his lost son were the same. He went home and told his wife the story, and she was certain of it. Accordingly Mr. Holden started for New York, where Gen. Washington and his army were then stationed. There were no railroads or telegraphs then, remember; nothing but horses and stage-coaches. Mr. Holden chose the former, and the best he could do, by traveling on horse-back, was to reach Gen. Washington's headquarters in seven days.

When he finally drew rein at the outposts of the Continental army he made known his desire to see Gen. Knox, who was with Washington at that time.

Gen. Knox received the Massachusetts farmer with a cordiality that put him at his ease in a moment; and Mr. Holden found no difficulty in stating his errand.

"There is your boy, sir!" exclaimed the interested General, pointing to a young fellow in a soldier's suit, gay with brass buttons, who was playing on a fife. "He is drilling some raw recruits. That boy is Captain-general of us all, sir. I have never known him to whimper or say 'I can't'—although he is the youngest of us."

The fifer was sent for in the Colonel's name. As he drew near, and lifting his cap, asked, "Did you send for me, sir?" his eye fell on his father, sitting in a corner of the tent.

In a moment the boy was in his father's arms and sobbing like a baby. The father's tears were mingled with the long-lost son's and the redoubtable general was obliged to resort to his handkerchief as he withdrew, leaving father and son alone, with the remark:

"I will see our Commander-in-chief."

"When did you come?" said John when he could speak. "And how did you find me?"

"Old Captain brought me," was the reply, "and he can take us both home."

"And how is mother?" pursued the boy. "Oh! I have been so sorry for dear mother. I tell you, father, not a night have I camped down to sleep but I have thought of mother; and every time I thought of her the tears came. I thought perhaps she might die and I should never see her again."

"Your mother is well," was the father's answer. "And she has never for one moment lost faith in your being well and happy, and finally restored to us."

"Yes, I shall return, father," said John. "But I want this war ended first."

After the boy had inquired for all the family he said:

"But why didn't you bring Zip along, too?"

"Poor Zip!" was the reply. "He mourned himself to death before you had been gone a week. He never touched another mouthful of food, and would only lie on your bed and moan."

Gen. Knox soon returned with orders from the Commander-in-chief to conduct Mr. Holden and John to his headquarters—a summons that must be obeyed at once.

Gen. Washington received Mr. Holden very kindly and said smilingly:

"I hear a story that sounds like a romance in the midst of war. Tell me, my little fifer, how you came to leave your parents without their knowledge, and to join my army at such a tender age?"

John was somewhat abashed by this direct question from so dignified and august a personage; but the General added kindly:

"You have the name of being one of my bravest boys. Tell me how it happened. You never ran away, did you?"

"No, sir, never," answered John with spirit. "I was playing with my dog Zip, on Sorrel Hill, when a big wagon, full of men, came along. They stopped when they saw me, and one of them called out, 'Halloo, my little lifer! We are looking for you. Jump in.' I asked them if the British bulls and lions were here, and they said 'Yes, hurry up!' I jumped in, sir, and that was the way it happened."

Mr. Holden then remembered, for the first time, what he had said long ago, when John asked him if he would be needed when the British bulls and lions appeared.

John's story was met by a burst of laughter quite unusual with Washington. Then patting the boy's rosy cheeks, the General said, "After this you must give us some music, my lad."

And John, quite elated, rendered a stirring march.

"I don't see how we can part with this brave boy of yours," said Gen. Washington to Mr. Holden, when the boy had finished playing; "but parents have the first claim."

John was just then ordered to go and dismiss the men he had been drilling, and he departed with a martial salute to the sharpshooters, and "I will be back in five minutes," to his father.

Mr. Holden, left alone, told the story of the mother's deep faith, and added, "John seems to be in his element here."

Then Gen. Washington told the gratified parent an incident, showing the spirit of the lad.

"When I, with a number of my suite, approached the vicinity of Monmouth Court House," said he, "I was met by a little musician, who archly cried out, 'They are all coming this way, your Honor!'

"'Who are coming this way?' said I.

"'Why, our boys, your Honor! Our boys! and the British are right after them!'

"'Impossible!' I cried; but spurring my horse, I found the boy's words only too true."

"He is a good boy," added Gen. Knox, "and invaluable in training raw recruits. If they are homesick he talks kindly with them and cheers them wonderfully with his ardent patriotism."

The boy just then returned and Gen. Knox added, "Well, what did your men say when you told them you were going home?"

John blushed and answered, "I could not tell them that, your Honor. Father, let me stay another year. Then I shall be 13 and able to help you more on the farm. You know mother is well, and the war will soon be over."

What father in Revolutionary times could resist such an appeal?

Washington smiled, and Mr. Holden consented. And after a kind farewell from the Father of his Country, and a loving one from the young fifer, Jonas Holden rode away, saying to himself:

"My boy could not hold a more honored position. I leave him safe in the hands of Gen. Washington—and of God."

When, after seven more days of horse-back riding, Jonas Holden arrived at his own door in Shirley, he was met by his maiden sister with the words:

"Disappointed again! So it wasn't our John at all? I tell you, you'll never see that boy again."

But Mr. Holden held out his hand to the boy's mother.

"My dear," he said, "John is the happiest boy in the Continental army."

It took a long time to tell the story of the journey; of his reception at Washington's headquarters; of his finding the boy; of his growth, improvement and popularity; of his close adherence to the principles of right and truth which they had taught him; and of the great commander's praise of their son. But at last the father said:

"I've done right in leaving him there!"

"Just right," said the mother.

John Holden returned to his parents when the war was over and lived to a good old age. And his name may be seen, for the searching, even now, on the books at Washington, as a pensioner of 1776.

WHAT IS IT?

The family to which I belong is a very large one, with very many branches. I am of the blood royal, and our branch is the most powerful of all. We build big houses, shaped like pyramids, and the walls are so strong that wild cattle climb upon them without crushing them at all; they are so large that in a single room several men have been known to gather for shelter. Yet we are tiny creatures to look at, so little that men usually regard us with great contempt. We contrive to make them very uncomfortable sometimes, and then they conclude that we are not to be despised.

Another thing we do silently and stealthily is to undermine human habitations. We go together and tunnel long galleries into a house, then we eat out all the timber work, leaving only a shell that will crumble to pieces at the least jar. We treat furniture in the same way, but no one knows it by the looks. When it comes to be used then is the time people find out what we have been doing.

Sometimes instead of building houses we construct nests out of a paste made of wood, gum and the juices of plants, and hang them to the branches of big trees. These nets are all divided up into galleries and rooms just as our houses are that are built on the ground.

We are white in color, have soft bodies, and are said to have very fine instincts. Most of us live in Africa, though within the last century some of the tribe have emigrated to Southern France, greatly to the discomfort of the people there.

TELL US

What animal is the quickest tempered in the world?

What makes the quicksilver in the tube of the barometer rise and fall?

A HIDDEN PROVERB.

Take one word from each line.
1. Do not spur a free horse.
2. Aye, be as merry as you can.
3. Do all the good you can.
4. Don't say, "I would if I could," but "I will."
5. Better be alone than in bad company.
6. Be sure your task is well done.
7. Hold your horse till the train goes by.

SID.

ACROSTIC POEM.

Miss? No, a glorious success!
Such as the wise joy to express.
U, embodiment of heart and soul—
Such power as ere shall wrong control—
And nerve e'en mind of fickle man
Never to scorn a hopeful plan
Born of a love for true and right
And seeking night to lume with light!
Nor yet with selfish ends in view:
Trusting the pow'r of conscience true—
Howe'er for season—dark obscured—
Or e'en by thoughtlessness endured!
No such vain plea would you allow
Your steadfast soul in homage bow?

REV. W. S. HENNESSY.

Lawrenceville, Ill.

ENIGMA. (1)

In item, not in news;
In think, not in muse;
In chide, not in scold;
In warm, not in cold;
In journey, not in trip;
In tongue, not in lip;
In round, not in square;
In den, not in lair;
In serene, not in calm;
In cypress, not in palm;
In lock, not in key;
In doctor, not in fee;
In home, not in house;
In winter, not in spring;
In choir, not in sing.

The Whole will prove very instructive and entertaining. JACK.

Downs, Kan.

ENIGMA. (2)

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 7, 8, 3 is full of humor;
My 15, 2, 15, 4, 1, 6 is a boy's name;
My 14, 3, 16 is a weight;
My 9, 10, 6 is a pronoun;
My 11, 12 is a preposition;
My whole is a name dear to all our hearts.

J. S. B.

BURIED CHRISTIAN NAMES.

1st. Let us tell a few sentences containing buried names.
2d. The flag of red, white and blue.
3d. Get up early to-morrow morning.
4th. The panel lay broken on the floor.
5th. Did he lend you his horse?
6th. Did mamma yield to your wish?
7th. Was it reality or phantom?
8th. The lark ate the grain. STELLA B.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is that which by adding something to it, will become smaller; but if you add nothing, will grow larger?

If I kiss you by mistake
What war weapon do I make?

The Sunday School.

The Prodigal Son.

LESSON V., SUNDAY, AUGUST 3, 1890.

Golden Text—Father, I have sinned against

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address, and make your questions plain.

2. Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

5. No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

The Bastile.

A. M. B., Paducah, Ky.: The Bastile was a famous prison at Paris, originally a castle for the defense of the city. It was built by order of Charles V., between 1350 and 1383, by Hugo Aubriot, Provost of Paris, at the Porte St. Antoine, as a defense against the English. Afterwards, when it came to be used as a state prison, it was provided, during the 16th and 17th centuries, with vast bulwarks and ditches. On each of its longer sides the Bastile had four towers, of five stories each, over which there ran a gallery, which was armed with cannon. It was partly in these towers, and partly in cellars under the level of the ground, that the prisons were situated. The unfortunate inmates of these abodes were so effectually removed from the world without as often to be entirely forgotten, and in some cases it was found impossible to discover the cause of, or the reason for, their incarceration. The Bastile was capable of containing 50 or 80 prisoners, a number frequently reached during the reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV. Though small compared to the number which an ordinary prison contains, these numbers were considerable, when we reflect that they rarely consisted of persons of the lower ranks, or such as were guilty of actual crimes, but of those who were sacrificed to political despotism, court intrigue, ecclesiastical tyranny, or had fallen victims to family quarrels. They were lodged here in virtue of *lettres de cachet* —nobles, authors, savans, priests and publishers. On the 14th of July, 1789, the fortress was surrounded by an armed mob, which the reactionary policy of the court had driven into fury, and to the number of which every moment added. The garrison consisted of 82 invalids and 32 Swiss. The negotiations which were entered into with the governor of the Bastile were not more than the moral of the cannon pointed on the Faubourg St. Antoine, which by no means contented the exasperated multitude. Some had driven into the first drawbridge, and a contest took place, in which one of the besieged and 150 of the people were killed, or severely wounded; but the arrival of a portion of the troops which had deserted to the people with four field-pieces, turned the fortune of the conflict in favor of the besiegers. Delaunay, the governor—who had been prevented by one of his officers from blowing up the powder-house, if he could not prevent the second drawbridge to be lowered, and the people rushed in, killing Delaunay himself and several of his officers. The destruction of the Bastile commenced on the following day, amid the thunder of cannon, and the pealing of the Te Deum. This event, in itself apparently of no great moment, leading only to the release of three unknown prisoners—one of whom had been in tenant for 30 years—and four forgers, and the which it is said only 854 persons were in nine months now appear on the column in the Place de la Bastile, took part, nevertheless, finally broke the spirit of the court party, and changed the current of events in France.

"Rated A 1 at Lloyd's."

Yacht, Detroit, Mich., asks: "What is meant by the word 'Lloyd's' in the phrase 'rated A 1 at Lloyd's,' which I see in New York marine reports?"

"Rated A1 at Lloyd's" is a phrase which is common enough in all countries which have large numbers of ships engaged in foreign trade, but is probably not very familiar to the eyes of most of our readers. It means that the vessel has been inspected by Lloyd's agents, and is found to be so well built and so staunch that it is entitled to the lowest rate of insurance. Vessels are rated AK, first and second class and numbers, according to their condition.

Lloyd's is an association of merchants and of men interested in marine insurance in London, and it is the best-known institution of its kind in the world, yet even in England the true character of the association and of its business are not commonly known. It is said that the secretary receives many letters every year addressed to "Mr. Lloyd." This is not to be wondered at, and yet the man for whom "Lloyd's" was named was never known as a merchant, and has been dead nearly 200 years.

The institution is a successor to a coffee house which was kept in Lombard street, London, by a certain Mr. Lloyd at the end of the seventeenth century. Little more of the man's history is known. The house was a favorite place of resort for London merchants. It was referred to in a poem called "The Wealthy shopkeeper," printed in 1695. The "Shopkeeper" is represented as missed during the time he spent in reading Lloyd's to read his letters and attend sales." In the *Tatler*, published in 1710, Richard Steele speaks of this house. It is the meeting-place of "idle men," and is the point to which all maritime news centers.

This association has some points of resemblance to the Associated Press. It gets marine news from earlier than any individual in London. To this end it has its agents in every part of the world. These agents are sometimes merchants, sometimes consuls, but in every case men selected for their position and for their and the most trustworthy news. This they telegraph immediately to "Lloyd's."

Such intelligence as is of general interest is published in a daily paper known under the name of *Lloyd's List*, a maritime gazette that has been published more than a century and a half.

Falls of Dust.

W. D. B., Sandusky, O.: Probably what you refer to is the following: About the latitude of the Cape Verde Islands, on the Atlantic, it is frequently the experience of voyagers to observe falls of red dust and sand. The material of the dust mass was examined microscopically many years ago by Ehrenberg, and his opinion was that small particles carried aloft from all countries form an immense dust bank, from which they sometimes sink down, and, in their whirling movement, come to the surface. The material upon which Ehrenberg made his report was of a sandy nature. On the Island of Malta, a fall of dust has lately been the subject of much study; Herr Hellman, examining the logs of 1,196 ships that passed through the region in question during the years 1870 to 1874, found 17 that had red ink, examining the logs of over 3,000 ships that have passed through "the Atlantic dust belt" since the last of the observations taken by Hellman. The most interesting feature in the discussion of the Basile commenced on the following day, amid the thunder of cannon, and the pealing of the Te Deum. This event, in itself apparently of no great moment, leading only to the release of three unknown prisoners—one of whom had been in tenant for 30 years—and four forgers, and the which it is said only 854 persons were in nine months now appear on the column in the Place de la Bastile, took part, nevertheless, finally broke the spirit of the court party, and changed the current of events in France.

"Rated A 1 at Lloyd's."

Yacht, Detroit, Mich., asks: "What is meant by the word 'Lloyd's' in the phrase 'rated A 1 at Lloyd's,' which I see in New York marine reports?"

"Rated A1 at Lloyd's" is a phrase which is common enough in all countries which have large numbers of ships engaged in foreign trade, but is probably not very familiar to the eyes of most of our readers. It means that the vessel has been inspected by Lloyd's agents, and is found to be so well built and so staunch that it is entitled to the lowest rate of insurance. Vessels are rated AK, first and second class and numbers, according to their condition.

Lloyd's is an association of merchants and of men interested in marine insurance in London. It